



SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 11, No. 40

(The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST 20, 1898.

TERMS:

Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2.

Whole No. 560

Things in General.

THE Hispano-American war is over. For some reason or another it was, perhaps, the most inglorious thing in which two nations were ever engaged. We cannot discuss with any idea of reaching any conclusion the reasons why the United States went to war with Spain, but we do know that the whole business has been a miserable slaughter by fever and long-range guns, of those concerned in it. Spain had no more chance to win than a swallow would have to build a nest in hell. Everybody knew this from the beginning; everybody knew the terms of settlement are fair or not, because nobody knows the cost excepting the administrators of the United States. Their administration has been something horrible. The Cubans have not suffered half what the United States soldiers have suffered. The Yankee administration has been, without doubt, unutterably bad. Spain may be made to pay for this on account of Spain's administration of Cuba having been even worse. The world will know, however, that the administration of both nations in this little war has been simply too villainous to describe. Spain was so corrupt that she had nothing that she could use effectively; the United States authorities have been so corrupt, or at least so oblivious, that their army and navy service in detail, though not in action, was the laughing-stock of the world. All through it was a funny fight. On one side was a power so enormous that it could not be resisted, but so badly organized that a first-class power could have whipped it in a week. On the other hand was a power so rotten that it could not have succeeded if the war had lasted for a hundred years.

The fight is ended; there is no glory for anybody. The division of property will be interesting. The United States may do the fair thing, but who is to decide what is the fair thing? for the Lion's paw is on the mouth of every nation, forbidding it to make a remark.

Take the whole business as a war, and it was ridiculous. It wasn't war. All the performances of the troops and the navy were something that might be done in a shooting-gallery. There was nobody to resist them. The navy did extraordinary things because there was no navy to compete. The armies advanced because there was no army to resist. Men do not make an army. Sentiment in a few makes a colossal resistance; thousands without an organized sentiment make no resistance.

It is all over, and the United States should have a good deal of glory for the amount of money that has been spent, and every Yank will feel like shaking hands with himself that great things have been done. But really great things have not been done. The poor old Spanish thing has been kicked out of shape, but there is no pride in making that sort of a performance. The United States to-day does not feel that its army or navy is as capable of going up against a good square fight as it did ten years ago, or five years ago, or a year ago. They know that the victory was won because the enemy was powerless, though all nations admit that the United States could have ultimately won—and won easily—even if Spain had been a first-class power instead of a one-horse affair. However, there is no courage or glory to be derived from a victory over those who are using sand for powder and mauling ships that can not sail.

There is one splendid thing which has been taught the world, and that is that bluff is no good; that historical prominence is no good; that about any outfit may be a so-called great nation; that there are no great nations except Great Britain, United States, France, Russia and Germany.

If we analyze these nations I am quite convinced that now is the hour for Great Britain to strike Russia. Let the gong sound. The colonies will stay with the Mother Land and we will see whether Russia or Great Britain can make the fight. In the heart of every Britisher there is a hatred, or at least a suspicion, of the Czar. We are willing to fight this very minute; and now, whether Lord Salisbury thinks so or not, is the moment to strike. The United States having learned some wisdom from the late war will be with us, for it is as much their fight as Britain's. Heart and soul the people, when the war spirit stirs, are together—just now. Then let it be now. Russia has no friends on earth except France, and France if she ever fights with Germany again will be out of existence. But now is the time to fight. If Lord Salisbury is wise he will give us war within a week, and the Anglo-Saxon people will teach the Czar a lesson that he will never forget. The question to be considered is not the question of the "open door" for Great Britain, it is the open door for the world; and the United States has not brought into being a navy and an army without being willing to use them for trade purposes, for Chinese trade is ultimately more the trade of the United States than it is the trade of Great Britain.

HAVE no grudge against my Christian brother who runs the Methodist *Guardian*. He must consider it a very great compliment to me to call me "Bro." but he does it so ungracefully that I really prefer not to be a lay brother in his set. If he had desired to do me justice he would have published the whole article in which a picture of old-time camp-meetings was truly set forth and without offence to anybody. Methodism surely is not ashamed of its past. It is a cad and a poor spirited fellow who is ashamed of his ancestors when he denies the things which happened during the rise of his family to prominence. It must be a great mistake that the Methodists have made if the man in charge of their newspaper is ashamed of the yesterday of Methodism. I did not intimate in any sense that the Methodists of to-day indulged in the peculiarities of the past, including soul-saving, and the editor of the *Guardian* is alone to blame for raising the issue. He says I hate Methodism. This is incorrect. I do not hate Methodism; I simply decline to admire the methods of some of the modern Methodists, and I refuse to become enthusiastic over the conduct of the Grimsby camp grounds. However this may be, it must appear on the surface without any argument that people nowadays do not have their

friendships, their contiguities, or anything, classified under sectarian names. I like Methodists, and Baptists, and Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics, and everybody else as they like me, and I am willing to stand a little objectionable doctrine for the sake of a personal friendship. It is nothing to me what a man's religion is. I quite freely admit that it is nothing to me if he has none if he is a well-behaved person. Consequently, "Methodist," who writes the article in the *Guardian* with regard to "Don on Methodism," is really on grounds which should not be occupied by anybody. He is trying to hit me and make Methodists believe that I dislike them. I am not trying to hit him at all, for it is very unimportant to me whether a man is a Methodist, or a Roman Catholic, or a Presbyterian. We ought to leave one another alone on these lines, but no one can tell me that the picture I made of the old camp-meeting on the Grimsby ground is wrong, because I know it is right; I was there.

When a man engages in an argument he should be sure of his position. I am quite willing to reiterate what I said, that men do not "get religion" like they get the measles. There is no getting of religion; religion is a thing to be lived, not caught in a contagious way. I will quote the paragraph in which he refers to this matter. "I hope this gifted but fickle man may see his own absurdities. He ridicules the phrase 'getting religion,' forgetting that the Scriptural term wisdom is the equivalent for religion and that the command of God is to get wisdom, or to get religion."

Wisdom and religion in no text are interchangeable words. The word religion is only once defined explicitly in the New Testament, and that is in James i. 27, where the passage is as

its circulation and the decency of its advertising columns, has been perverted into a sneer. What is the use of giving one's neighbors a kindly send-off if it is to be used to one's disadvantage? I see that in the issue of August 17 the editor is keeping up his puerile repartee, and I have decided that life is too short to argue with a man who drags in personalities and quotes names, which in ordinary journalism is not done unless the controversy is very bitter. Even if he had spelled my name right it would not have been so bad, but to have one's name misspelled as well as to have it improperly introduced is objectionable. A man who can neither quote fairly nor argue wisely should not edit a newspaper. No boyish air of condescension can cover mistakes in orthography or lapses from the dignity of discussing large topics.

THE politics of the world have changed in the last six months so remarkably that one can hardly estimate the value of one's information with regard even to the countries with which one is most familiar. The conference at Quebec, which opens on August 23, will probably display to the eyes of the nations the meaning and influence of friendships, contiguities and opportunities which have been displayed in the last military conflict. Should it be that the hard and cruel lines of the past are maintained in this great conference of the peoples most concerned, without a doubt the whole of Latin America will be ablaze, for they will see their interests threatened and their existence practically forfeited.

These gentlemen who come to Canada to consider the question should be aware, if they are not already conversant with the fact, that contiguities are now the essence of Western continental politics. If they see fit to ignore this phase in any

MR. A. B. WALKLEY,
Secretary of the Conference.

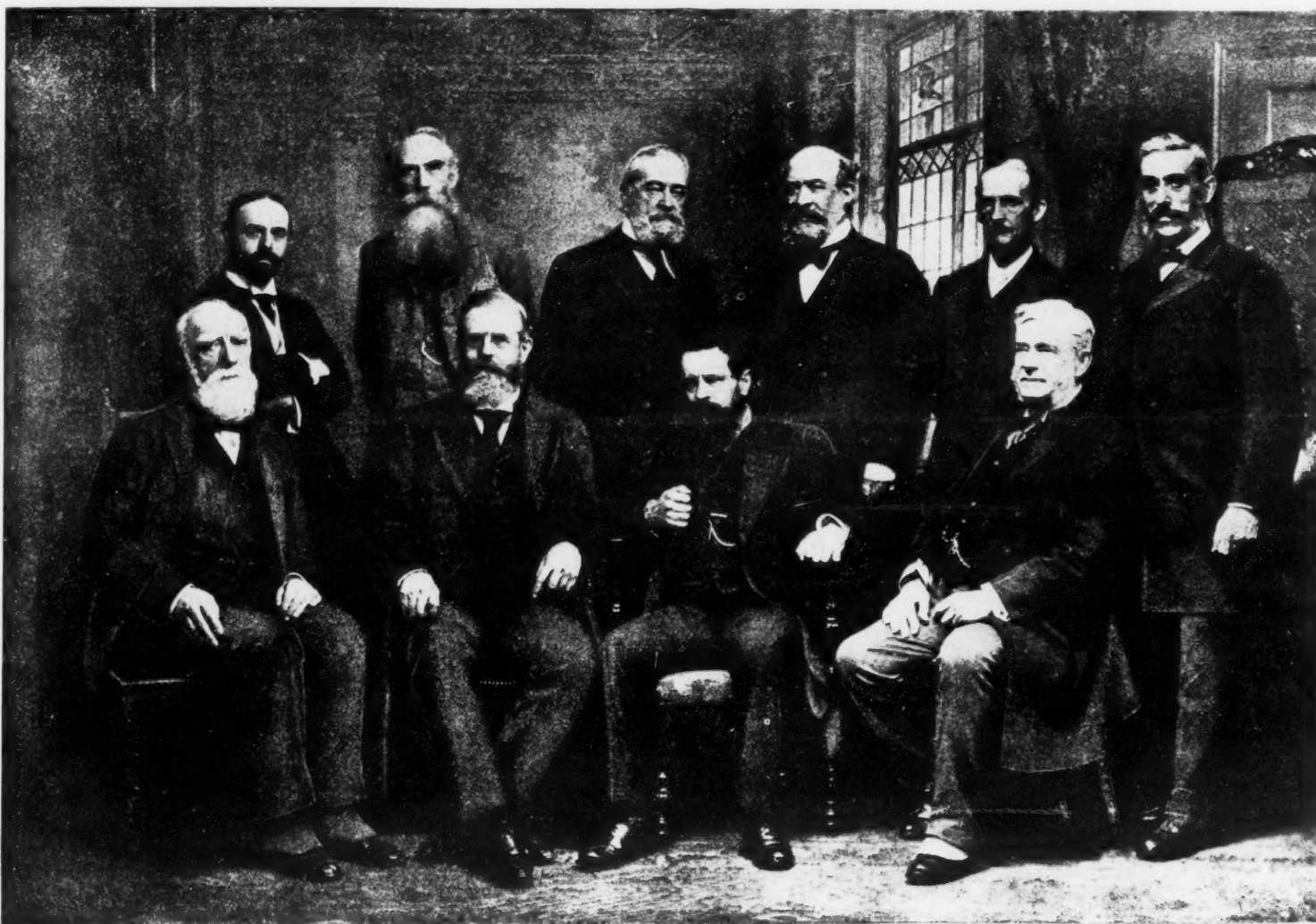
MR. H. BUXTON FORMAN,
Assistant Secretary G.P.O.

SIR SPENCER WALPOLE,
Secretary G.P.O.

SIR W. PEACE,
Natal Agent General.

MR. A. A. PEARSON,
Representing Crown Colonies.

SIR JAMES WINTER,
Premier, Newfoundland.



LORD STRATFORD AND MOUNT ROYAL,
Canadian High Commissioner.

HON. W. MULOCK,
Canadian Postmaster General.

DUKE OF NORFOLK,
Postmaster General.

SIR DAVID TENNANT,
Cape Agent General.

IMPERIAL PENNY POSTAGE: ORGANIZING COMMITTEE OF THE LATE CONFERENCE.

follows: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

This is not "getting" wisdom, or "being" wisdom, or "having" wisdom; it is simply the living of a pure, charitable life. This sort of thing cannot be "got" at a camp-meeting; it is an impulse which comes from the heart, and is large, and generous, and kindly, and means something more than ephemeral emotion. Religion is defined in this passage as no ephemeral thing; it has nothing to do with a disease which is caught like the measles; it is one's whole being. I am mortified by "Methodist," who writes so much like the editor of the *Guardian* that I must confess the two. But if the society is ashamed of its past and the writer thinks that the truths I told are "a few patches," and that I am anxious to "fling the filthy garment of a few upon the whole denunciation," he can take that attitude. If I remember rather unpleasant things about various denominations and see fit to reproduce them, that is my affair. If "Methodist" in the *Christian Guardian* sees fit to dispute them I will become historical, and that will please him less. I do not propose to be treated as an iconoclast, for I have no desire to injure anybody. Methodism knows its own past as well as I do, and the easiest way to escape from it, as Methodists apparently are trying to escape from it, is not to discuss the matter, proud though they should be of the good they have done in an unconventional way. I have no bitterness to either conceal or exhibit. Methodism lives to-day its own exemplar; the church contains a vast number of good people, and a number of bad people, and is without any doubt the home and the noisy place, the mouthpiece, of a great many pretentious people for whom there is no room either in religion or secular society, and Mr. Methodist in the *Christian Guardian* may make a note of this. I will leave the general public to decide on the fairness of the issue.

DESIRE it to be borne in mind that the *Christian Guardian*, and not SATURDAY NIGHT, began this argument which is thoroughly unsatisfactory. Last week I tried to do the decent thing by the editor of the *Guardian*, but he is evidently not the kind of a fellow who appreciates anything of the sort. The complimentary notice that I gave him and the *Guardian*,

the rights that a people have to exist and conduct their own business on the business lines which have been arranged by them, the conference will not only be a failure but it will involve the whole of Central and South America in a conflict with the United States; at the same time it will endanger the interests of Great Britain and Canada in all these countries. When the conference organizes itself at Quebec on the 23rd of this month, all the peoples of the Western World will watch the methods of the United States, and their scrutiny will be more careful and their suspicions will be more acute than ever before.

The Canadian people have opportunities of trade with South America which should not be lost in the scramble for material things which the United States are anxious to gain. The Chinese question should not be permitted to swallow all the good that is to be had for Great Britain in connection with her Canadian colony. As Canadians, we are anxious for some benefits to accrue to us in this matter. It is not impossible for us to do much that we have hitherto left undone in Latin America. The prejudices caused by the war make our opportunities tenfold greater than they ever were before. In fact, the conference will be a meeting of presumably great men who are to say upon what lines the business of the New World is to be done. The Canadian opinion should not be weak nor the assertion of it faltering. What others may think is of small importance to us, except in those instances where our yielding is material to the maintenance of an Anglo-Saxon alliance. Any alliance, however, which means degradation or loss to Canada will not be endured by the people who inhabit this country and are trying to make it great. As I have often said before, the people of this country understand better than the Foreign Office in Downing street the necessities of our people and the delimitation of Yankee privileges. The conference must open and close with a profound respect for Canadian rights; and if these rights are infringed, as I have often before stated, for the benefit of Great Britain, it will only mean the ruin of the Canadian representatives who permit it and the general belief that again this country has been injured to please United States diplomatists. It has often been said that Canada is the spoiled child of diplomacy; what we must insist upon is that Canada shall not be the despoiled child of diplomacy.

THE project is engaging the attention of a considerable number of people, of a consumption hospital near the city. Those enterprises which are remote and have rather hypothetical reasons for their existence should not detract from the desirability of this affair, which is endorsed by a great many of the physicians of Toronto. I have always felt that it was rather ridiculous to send people who wished to be isolated two or three hundred miles when they could be isolated in two or three miles. People anxious for advertisements are working on the Gravenhurst scheme, and I think it is quite possible that in a humanitarian way we might work on a nearer project. Toronto and its adjoining districts are not unhealthy, and we as a people cannot permit anyone to stigmatize them as unhealthy, for certainly they are the best in Canada. If the charity of the town is to go to a place of refuge for consumptives, we certainly are not going to debar our own city from the advantages of it, nor are we going to ask that the sanitarium be placed because we are personally interested. What we demand is that the thing shall be investigated, and if we cannot furnish the attraction we cannot hope to have the guests. These problems are all easy because the people are to choose, and it will be the people who suffer if they choose wrong.

A FEATURE of the Industrial Fair has been announced this year which if followed out might be made one of the most important items in connection with the gathering together of the productive interests of the country. The manufacturers on the 6th of September have been asked to gather together and hear what is to be said. It is quite possible that very little may be said of advantage to the manufacturers in their private enterprises, but much may be done by the gentlemen who come together to further their united interests by organizing themselves in a non-political way, successfully to take advantage of foreign opportunities. The Manufacturers' Association hitherto has been a protective affair which has frightened many Liberals from an active part in the deliberations of the society. An industrial association such as our annual Fair purports to be should have much more discussion of opportunities and methods and a little less circus about it. In fact, however, we could have more circus and still have the discussion by men of various guilds, with regard to the advantages which can be obtained by organization. Considering the whole situation we must realize that the circus is necessary, but we must admit that there has been too little else. The one thing that must be insisted upon in such meetings in connection with the great industrial event, is that no opportunity must be offered for politics or selfish interests to dominate. The practical and initial move in this direction seems to be free from that sort of thing, and the discussion is likely to be carried on on broad principles rather than be dominated by partizan notions. It is to be hoped that the Industrial Fair will every year develop some such principle, and it is still further to be urged that politics may not creep into the now happy family.

IT matters little to the people who are benefiting by the cheap railway rates that there is a war to the death between the Grand Trunk and the C.P.R. The people are always willing to accept benefits without regard to the reasons which make them possible. A ten dollar rate to Winnipeg, via Chicago, is one of the Grand Trunk's latest moves to punish the Canadian Pacific for cutting rates elsewhere. The whole people of Canada, however, are concerned in this latest move, because a great many travelers wishing to see the country, will accept the proposition of the Grand Trunk, and they are liable to be called off at United States stations to harvest the crop, instead of going into the Canadian North-West, where labor is scarce. The Grand Trunk is doing a great many unpatriotic things which are pardonable, of course, when viewed from a railroad standpoint, but from a Canadian standpoint they are quite inexcusable. The moment the Canadian public begin to think the Grand Trunk is working for Dakota and Minnesota, the Grand Trunk will become unpopular. Rate wars are matters of railroad consideration, but the carrying of people through the United States ostensibly to the North-West, but as a matter of fact offering the men to the highest bidder through the North-Western States, is a sin against our Confederation. It ought to be stopped, and while the low rate is an inducement to our young men to go west and seek their fortunes, or to seek employment for a short time in the harvest, it should not be utilized by a great British company to fight the British North-West with cheaply carried laborers from Canada. The Grand Trunk must be ruled by British policy or it will be objected to by those who desire that our big railroads, which have cost us so much, should not be engaged in the work of populating or harvesting the North-Western States.

WHAT I wrote about the excursion business as affecting Toronto had, I hope, more than ephemeral bearing. But organization should follow suggestion to make the possibilities of Toronto certain. The boarding and lodging-housekeepers and the hotel men who are interested, must act. The railroads are convinced that much is to be done. The Toronto and Niagara line of steamers, which has been the best advertisement and transport line for Toronto, should be encouraged. We must not forget that Niagara Falls is the greatest attraction in America, and that the line of steamers which brings the tourist from the Falls is the one to be most depended upon to recruit our army of strangers. They have shown spirit and enterprise greater than any other carrying line which touches this city. The Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, which has been fed by this line and by Ontario people, must certainly do better than it has done in the past, and the indications are that they are awakening to this truth. We cannot have boats running from Toronto to Kingston and Montreal which are a discredit to the lake fleet, without being damaged. Toronto understands thoroughly that in order to obtain the advantage of its situation it must have good lake boats touching here. The railroads do much, but the boats in the summer time do more. Tubs must not be substituted for steamboats, and the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, if they understand their own interests, will put on palatial steamers which will be an attraction to the traveling public instead of a detriment to tourist travel. If they do not do it some other company will.

Toronto should be careful to see that the line of steamers running from this point to Kingston and the Thousand Islands should be something more than freight boats with occasional and very indifferent passenger accommodation.

I AM not awfully sure about the wisdom of a World's Fair for Toronto. Oddly enough, world's fairs have done serious injury to every city that has ever had them. Philadelphia had the worst period of reaction which has visited that city after the Centennial. Chicago, instead of making money, was awfully crippled by the effort she made to sustain a World's Fair. Paris made nothing but lost much by having a world's fair. Similar attempts in London have been injurious rather than prosperous. The advertisement for the whole country may be worth an attempt to do a great thing in Toronto, but the whole country should pay, and not Toronto. As far as the experience of anyone goes who has had to do with anything of this sort, injury, not benefit, has resulted. It does not seem pretty for anyone to discourage a large project, but those who advocate large projects should think before they write, and examine the facts before they entreat public support for that which may be greater than we can sustain. Prudence is a great deal better than sorrow, and it is better for us to be wise than later on to feel sick. As soon as some scheme is proposed whereby we can save ourselves from sorrow, it will certainly receive the support of SATURDAY NIGHT.

THERE never was a time when real estate operators could make more money by investing in Toronto than at present. I am told of a popular corner for which I personally know seven hundred and fifty dollars a foot was offered, which is now for sale for five hundred. Conditions, of course, have changed, but they have changed for the better, and investors should not be afraid of a changed condition which ensures them a greater profit than was ever offered under the old terms. Unfortunately we are in a position that no one desires to touch real estate, yet those who take it in now in the central parts of the city, towards which the tide is flowing, will be fortunate. The man is foolish who invests at a point where the wind and wave and tidal influences are combining to give him the worst of it, but he is very fortunate who risks a little in the centers towards which everything is going. The empty houses are filling up, but some of the empty stores will never be filled, for conditions have changed. This does not prove, however, that there are no good places to buy in Toronto. Never before were better opportunities offered, and those who are wise and have money are sometimes investing in the new centers. Because there are vacant houses and places where houses should never have been built, proves nothing; that there are vacant stores where stores never should have been established, proves nothing. Toronto is growing and will grow, and investments in real estate can be made at an enormous profit just now by those who have the money to take advantage of the opportunities which are offered by men who have refused great sums, but who are unable to carry their property any longer.

DEVELOPMENTS have shown that Hon. William Mulock, Postmaster-General of Canada, has been the prime mover in intercolonial penny postage. Is abuse to go on because of his connection with a financial society which failed, which is only one of many societies which would fail if the same examinations were to be made? Surely no man in Canada will ever attempt great things again if the reform of the postal service, improved international features, and the establishment of parcel post with other countries, are to be the signals of malignant criticism. If we are to be a significant section of the British Empire we must support our own men and claim, with due deference to others, what is due to ourselves. Mr. Mulock has been our champion in this matter and we must support him whether we believe in his politics or not. There are only two things that are great in the world, and those are foreign diplomacy and British diplomacy. If we have the man who succeeds in British diplomacy and great intercolonial things which we hope to make a part of foreign diplomacy, Canada as a country cannot afford to throw bricks when one of our most distinguished people is making a most distinguished success.

THE world seems to be shaping itself for a great Anglo-Saxon victory. Those of us who stay at home know little of the elements which go to make a naval and military triumph. Yet it is important to note that the men who are intelligent, who have had freedom and who have learned to prize it, are worth each one of them a hundred of those who are simply the machines of an absolute power. We were told years ago that sometimes muskets did some thinking when the emperor forgot to think for others than himself. The men who have been taught to think and the men who have done no thinking at all have met with intelligence as the victor, and the sooner that this is demonstrated the sooner the freedom of the world will be an accomplished fact. The men in war, as in peace, will do as they have been taught. If they think and have been taught to think properly, they will win the battle, and England, if it maintains its alliance with the United States, can whip all the nations that have grouped themselves together as unthinking people who can be led by an idea, who are worked as a machine, but who in a fight lack the essential force of an independent personality. The world has not yet learned the difference between the people who are forced and the people who fight. The people who will and can fight cannot be forced. The people who are forced and who simply go up to the cannon's mouth with the dumb ignorance of a beast, have too little intelligence to win a battle. The difference between these people and those who think and use every moment of their time for the advantage of their cause, will certainly be again demonstrated, and then the Anglo-Saxon people will have won a victory of which they can be proud. Thought rules the world, particularly when it is behind the guns which are the invention of great thinkers.

NOW that the war is over may we venture to look into "Illustrated" newspapers without seeing pictures of gunboats, and read without expecting to find a gory description of a bloodless battle? For my part I am thoroughly sick of these war pictures and the terrible details of nothing. When we have battles we expect blood and horror, flames and shrieks, but so far those who have suffered have been voiceless, and those who have been victorious have scarcely lost a man. This is entirely in opposition to our ideas of the horrors that were to be expected. For a change let us have comic pictures, jokes, anything that will raise our spirits from the sea-level of naval engagements and frightful battles in which nobody was killed. The Anglo-American press has fairly been reeking with pictures and descriptions of the man who first put his foot on Cuban soil, and the man who was killed and had six warships discovered inside of him at the post-mortem. We have had enough. Give us pictures and ward politics; old women with wens on their necks; old men who are blind in both eyes; the newsboy who sold the most papers; the girl who took a fifteen-cent prize in her class—give us anything but warships and war pictures.

THE debate in the local Parliament this week has not added anything to the oratorical status of the Legislature, nor has it seriously weakened the case of Premier Hardy. If it were not necessary to make laws or to change them we would need no legislature, and a great deal of fuss has been made over what really has very few feathers on it. If in the end Hon. Mr. Hardy's proposition is condemned by the people we will hear the condemnation without any great sorrow, but the talk will have to be to the people at election time, and not now. It is well to rub the thing in, perhaps, if the Opposition believes that it has a strong card, but care should be taken that the rubbing in process is not done to excess, or what they try to rub in may be rubbed out.

LORD HERSCHELL said an exceedingly appropriate thing when interviewed with regard to his opinion of the North-West. In reply to the question, "What inducements should our Government offer to these young farmers?" meaning the farmers who are settling or should settle our great wheat plains—he said:

"That is a difficult question to answer. I do not think paying their passage to your land would be any inducement. Educating the masses at home to the advantages of your rich wheat lands would be better and I am sure that when they know at

home what such valuable inducements mean they will soon be enjoying farming in western Canada. We have sent out a large number in the past few years, and their reports should bring good results."

It is in line with the article I referred to last week that Canada should provide some sort of an editorial bureau in Great Britain which could be relied upon to give ample information as to facts, and might be expected to correct the fallacies which are often printed by the newspapers of the Old Country. Paying passages for people who cannot pay their own way is a poor method of getting self-supporting citizens into Canada. To pay some money for distributing correct information through British newspapers would be more in the direction of getting thoughtful and careful people, with some slight means at least, to settle in our wheat fields.

A Loyal Comrade.

At five o'clock on the evening of August 4, two young men from Toronto were away up on Lake Saginaw, in the Rainy River District. They were young mining engineers, William Lawson and George Reed Coates, on a prospecting trip, accompanied by an Indian guide. They were examining a point of land and Coates went along the shore in a canoe, while Lawson went overland to have a look at some rocky hills, and they met at a little bay. As young Coates stepped from the canoe he reached down and caught the gun by the barrels. As he drew it out the triggers caught, snapped, and two charges entered his right arm near the shoulder, breaking it. The young men were many miles from any habitation. To reach the borders of civilization required a journey of twenty-five miles by lake and river—and the river had a fierce current to battle with every inch of the way. Neither Lawson nor the Indian could go alone for assistance, nor could they both go and leave poor Coates alone, so Lawson bound up the wound to stop the flow of blood, placed young Coates in the canoe, and with the Indian began a furious race of twenty-five miles up-stream. "I can do nothing for you, George, but paddle," said Lawson to his friend. "That is all—you can do nothing but paddle." And Lawson paddled with grim fury. He carried Coates over two portages, and were approaching a third, the wounded man in the canoe and Lawson to bring it from the shore, when Coates became delirious from pain and loss of blood, and threw himself about so violently as to loosen the bandages on his shoulder. Soon after being joined by his friend he recovered consciousness and asked to be taken ashore. He died before midnight, and Lawson sat all through the moonlit night by the body of his comrade. In the morning he cut up the tent into strips and bound the body around and around with these, tied it to a pole, and, with the Indian, carried it over five long portages. Late in the afternoon they reached the track of the Port Arthur, Duluth & Western Railway, a lumber line, on which there is but one train a week. Presently they came upon some French-Canadians working on the railway, but these would give no assistance. Later they found some Irishmen at work, and the foreman was at once very sympathetic. He walked six miles up the track and secured a small hand car. On this the body of Coates was laid, on the other side of the platform Lawson lay down and put his arms around his dead friend to hold him on the narrow car, and four of the Irishmen worked it a distance of eighty-six miles that night to Port Arthur. Here Lawson secured the services of an undertaker, had Coates properly coffined, and brought him to Toronto. The whole journey consumed nearly four days, and imposed incessant mental and physical strain. George Reed Coates was a young man of great promise; had attended the School of Practical Science in Toronto, and the Kingston School of Mining. His father was on the Atlantic going to London at the time of the accident, and the rest of his family in Muskoka.

The accident was recorded in the daily papers, but it is necessary to say something about the devotion of Mr. Lawson to his unfortunate companion. He showed courage and endurance and displays a modesty not less commendable. Under such circumstances many a man has been buried in the wilderness, but Mr. Lawson pursued his steadfast purpose to a successful conclusion. He also is well known in Toronto. He is the son of Mrs. J. K. Lawson, the novelist, who lives in London and Glasgow. Among the deeds that deserve to be remembered and praised is this of William Lawson.

Social and Personal.

CONGRATULATIONS are this week's duty to Captain and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, whose little daughter, Frances Isabel, is a fine baby, and is to bear the names of her mother and grandmother, and of her ladyship of Coolmine. Mrs. Kirkpatrick is doing very well, and were Sir George but stronger the family circle would be a very happy one. Unfortunately Sir George is suffering extreme weakness, and Lady Kirkpatrick is unable to leave him even to visit the new granddaughter in St. Patrick street. Miss Kirkpatrick and Master Eric are visiting friends in Muskoka.

Hanlan's Point was simply thronged with people on Wednesday evening to witness the grand celebration under the direction of the Toronto Police Force. The games were most successful, the negro quartette as funny as could be, and the crowd gradually packed the home-bound ferries, a conglomeration of baby carriers, perambulators, bicycles, lunch-baskets, erratic little boys and cross-small girls, herded into line by many nervous mothers and exasperated dads, whose strongly tongue-tied and great stature confessed them to be members of the "Force." "Arrah, Patsey, mind the baby," was slyly chanted by boys who have read Kipling's latest stories. And the indignant bobby in *uniform* snorted as he hitched a bundle of frills and white crochets work a bit further up his hand, "Av I come over there I'll mind you!" By the way, persons who crossed those tracks at the foot of Yonge street on Wednesday evening about nine o'clock must have felt many a shock of apprehension as they saw three engines careering back and forth, a long line of freight cars blocking the way, and an express train of many coaches rushing off to the east. As the handsome big policeman said, "Please God, we'll have a bridge over this danger by next year!" It occurs to the ordinary person that a bridge is certainly a wise precaution, and I only wonder why it has not been built on this crossing a long time ago.

A corn-roast was one of last week's doings at giddy-giddy Sandfield. It appears that corn was not supplied with the plenty and regularity which some of the boys decided it should be. Therefore a raid was made upon the hotel garden, and many dozen ears were "swiped." A ceremonial roast was then inaugurated on the rocks across the water at which one hundred and twenty-five guests nibbled roast corn. Needless to say, our Collie was the moving spirit. I am told that the only time this festive youth was not equal to the occasion was on the Sunday morning after the cakewalk when the authorities at church requested him to take up the collection. The juxtaposition of cakewalk and deacon's assistant proved too much for even Collie Ross.

Miss F. M. Cousineau, daughter of Mr. F. N. Cousineau, was the charming vocalist at a charity concert at Bex, Switzerland, recently. Miss Cousineau sang Les Pecheurs, Cavatina des Huguenots and a duet with a distinguished Russian singer who was *en pension* also at Bex. On August 3 Miss Cousineau left for Geneva, Lyons, Lourdes and Paris. Mr. Cousineau (*pere*) leaves next week to meet his talented daughter in London. Miss Cousineau does not return to Toronto, but will continue her studies in Paris.

Miss Thom of Rosedale has returned from the Adirondacks where she spent several weeks with Mrs. Macmaster.

For quieter spirits at Port Sandfield tennis was indulged in a passable court having been secured on the right of the hotel grounds, and a very pleasant little tournament was held. Sandfield has its own special corte of patrons every season, and this year was a banner one for bright visitors in charge of well-known chaperones. A bevy of charming girls from the South made things very entertaining, and their devotion to art and realism in the matter of the cake walk, added to their familiarity with the peculiar antics of that ceremony naturally following their observations of Southern dandies customs among

their servants at home, made them irresistibly funny. Mrs. James Carruthers and her guest, Miss Gertrude Hofford, returned to Toronto on Monday.

Saturday evening, Aug. 13, was a gala night at Prospect House, Port Sandfield. At the special invitation of the guests, Mr. Collie Ross came and organized an Anglo-Saxon cake walk. It was a huge success, the costumes and antics of the different couples creating much amusement. During the evening a great surprise was given to Mr. Charles E. Musgrave, the popular young manager and pianist, when Mrs. McIntyre, on behalf of the guests, presented him with a well-filled purse. Mr. Walter Read of Toronto made an excellent chairman, and also sang in excellent style. Miss Caulfield of Toronto sang beautifully. The guests were very sorry at Mr. Collie Ross's early departure, as his fun and enterprise made him the idol of Sandfield. He was given a great send-off and presented by the ladies with a beautiful bouquet and illuminated address. Those who took part in the cake-walk were: Mr. Mark Ainsley, Toronto; Miss Pearson, New Orleans; Mr. Collie Ross, Miss Julia Lee, St. Louis; Mr. Alf Rogers, Hamilton; Miss Phillips, Toronto; Mr. Allan Titus, Buffalo; Miss Josephine Lee, St. Louis; Mr. Burton Holland, Toronto; Miss Bond, Toronto; Mr. H. Armstrong and Miss May, Toronto; Mr. Cassels, Toronto; Miss Knaul, Cincinnati; Mr. Hallway, Toronto; Miss Stella Knaul, Cincinnati; Mr. E. Strickland, Buffalo; Miss Gertrude Hoffer, Pittsburgh. The first prize and medals were won by Mr. Mark Ainsley and Miss Pearson, and the second by Mr. Collie Ross and Miss Julia Lee. Mrs. Lee of St. Louis donated the cake and entertained the ladies and gentlemen who had taken part in the walk.

Miss Pauline Reubridge of Brantford is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Fuge, 10 Orde street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bengough of Huntley street and Miss Siddall of Rosedale are at present enjoying the delightful breezes of Bay View, Mich.

Misses Ella and Lola Ronan and Miss Laura Wilkinson have returned from a two weeks' trip to Muskoka.

Mr. W. C. Wilkinson, secretary-treasurer of the School Board, has returned to Grimsby Park after spending a week among the Thousand Islands and Montreal.

Mr. George H. Wilson of the Bank of Montreal has been unwell for the past two weeks, and is away on sick leave.

Mr. Reg. Adam of Akron, Ohio, son of G. Mercer Adam, a former Torontonian, is spending his holidays here.

The marriage of Mr. Thomas Hamilton Verner of Toronto and Miss Anna Bell Bay, youngest daughter of the late J. W. Bay of Baltimore, Maryland, was solemnized at Bay Ridge Farm, Perryman, Md., last week, Rev. R. Howard Taylor being the officiating minister. Mr. Verner is an Irishman, the eldest son of the rector of Castlederry, County Tyrone.

A youthful papa and mamma are Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland V. Hall, to whom a little son was given on Wednesday. Their friends are merrily sending congratulations.

The Annual Regatta of the Island Amateur Aquatic Association takes place at Long Pond, Center Island, this afternoon at half-past two o'clock. The blue tickets embellished with the funny little maid in the dug-out are in everybody's pocket and a big crowd is assured.

The gentlemen at Mrs. Meade's, Center Island, gave a very jolly dance to the ladies *en pension* there on last Thursday evening. This gallant attention was shared by many friends of both the hosts and the fair *beneficaires*.

Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge return to town from Center Island next week. They are in treaty for a very lovely home in Bloor street west. Everyone will welcome them this winter.

Mayor Shaw presided at the very large smoking concert given last week in the Toronto Athletic Club and presented the rewards to the successful ones who had come from near and far to the Regatta. There was much cheering, and many visitors had their first experience of a Canadian smoker. Equal enthusiasm was shown at the singing of The Maple Leaf Forever, and The Star Spangled Banner, and there was a blending of good international feeling. I hear many of the visitors expressed surprise and admiration at the size and excellence of the Toronto Athletic Club.

Mr. Branchaud, who has been in the office of the Bank of Montreal for quite a time, has been moved to the Montreal branch.

The group picture of the Organizing Committee of the recent Postal Conference, appearing on our front page, is reproduced from the *Illustrated London News*. That paper says: "The Organizing Committee of the recent Conference which has brought about Imperial Penny Postage can claim a distinguished membership. From abroad the representatives were the Canadian High Commissioner, the Canadian Postmaster-General, the Cape Agent-General, the Natal Agent-General, the Premier of Newfoundland, and a delegate from the Crown Colonies. The Home authorities were represented by the Postmaster-General, the Secretary and Assistant-Secretary, G.P.O. It is interesting to note that the last-named official, Mr. H. Buxton Forman, is eminent in letters as a student of Shelley and Keats, while Mr. A. B. Walkley, who acted as secretary to the Conference, is the distinguished dramatic critic." It may be added that Mr. H. Buxton Forman was for a time last season a guest of Dr. R. M. Bucke of London, Ont., an old friend.

At Napanee on Wednesday Mr. E. Gus Porter, counsel for Mr. W. H. Ponton, in making his argument before Magistrate Daly, read extracts from Thirty Years a Detective, by Allan Pinkerton, the book from which SATURDAY NIGHT made several quotations a couple of weeks ago. Mr. B. B. Osler objected that the book was not admissible, and the Magistrate declared that he did not think the contents of the book relevant to the case. It may be remarked, however, that Pinkerton, in describing the methods of bank burglars, shows that such robberies are committed without the assistance of bank clerks at all, and that the expert is superior to the need of inside assistance. Magistrate Daly said that he did not think that it "would be right to introduce an editorial of the *Globe*, or the *SATURDAY NIGHT*, or quotations from the book in question." Surely it would be right enough that in trying such a case the court should be fully informed as to the habits and methods of bank robbers, and fully posted in the history and details of parallel cases.

When David Garrick and Spranger Barry were playing Romeo alternate nights to Mrs. Siddons' Juliet, there arose a division of opinion as to which was the better exponent of the role. Mrs. Siddons was appealed to for her opinion. She replied: "Both play so finely, but with such varying conception of the character, and such different methods, that I am affected differently. In the celebrated balcony scene with Garrick, he is so impetuous that I am afraid he will jump up into the window, and Barry is so affectionate I am afraid I shall jump off the balcony to him."

Corrigan, the well known horseman, had a jockey of whom he was very careful. The boy fell ill, and Corrigan told him to go to his own physician, whose office was on a certain street. Unfortunately the youngster forgot the address, but determined to obey orders. He examined the signs, observing some to bear the words "twelve to two," others "two to four." A third door was marked "eleven to one." "I guess these are the best odds on the street," said the jockey, "and I'll try that fellow."

Professor Wilson of Edinburgh University has recently been appointed an Hon. Physician to Her Majesty the Queen. On the morning of his appointment he informed his pupils of the honor he had received by means of a blackboard in the laboratory, thus: "Prof. Wilson informs his students that he has this day been appointed Hon. Phys. to the Queen." During his temporary absence from the room one of the students, to the amusement of the class, added the words, "God Save the Queen!"

WM. STITT & CO.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

Special sale of High Class Goods at greatly reduced prices. Cloth Gowns, Coats, Skirts and Blouses at a big reduction. Just received new Dress Materials for early Fall wear. Our Designers and Fitters are now visiting the centers of fashion.

GLOVES

6 and 8 bt. len. Gloves, 50c. per pair; regular \$1.25. 4 bt. Gloves (odd sizes), 50c. 2 clasp Gloves, in all colors, \$1.00. Cotton Bicycle Gloves, 25c.

Paris Kid Glove Store

11 & 13 King Street East
Tel. 888 TORONTO

PANTECHNETHECA DINNER SETS

We have some very choice sets, slightly incomplete, which we are clearing out at half price, making space for the new fall lines.

116 YONGE ST.

Chatelaine Watches

A very large line of entirely new effects in Ladies' Chatelaine Watches just received.

They were personally selected by us in Paris and Geneva, and include some exquisite enamels inlaid with Diamonds and Pearls.

Some of these watches have Chatelaine Brooches of corresponding styles, making very pretty combinations when worn upon the breast.

The entire line embraces almost everything between \$5.00 and \$25.00 in Gold, Gold Filled, Silver and Gun-metal cases—the antique designs finding greatest favor.

Ryrie Bros.

Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Sts.
TORONTO

That Our... Hardwood Floors

are steadily gaining in popularity is evidenced by the fact that our business in this department up to date is three times that done in the whole of the previous year. We do not attempt cheapness in our floors, but we do achieve excellence. Parquet floors are worse than useless if not perfect. Send for catalogue.

W. H. ELLIOTT

40 King Street East

Visitors AT CANADA'S SUMMER RESORTS

Will find their orders promptly attended to if phoned or telegraphed to

Dunlop's

5 King West, Toronto

ROSES, SWEET PEAS, CARNATIONS and every variety of flowers in their season. Delivery in first-class condition guaranteed.

Ice Cream Freezers

ICE TONGS, PICKS,
SHREDDER, Etc. . .

Rice Lewis & Son

LIMITED
Corner King and Victoria Streets
TORONTO.

Social and Personal.

A bright friend, who is spending the summer at the Ottawa House, Cushing's Island, on the coast of Maine, thus gossips in pleasant fashion to SATURDAY NIGHT:—"This island is as charming as ever. The fogs of July have made the verdure beautiful, and the sweet briar roses, golden rod, fragrant ferns, laurels and varied wild flowers make a stroll among the pine woods a daily delight. The young ladies and their beaux seem to find the leafy coverts on the edge of the rocks most interesting resorts in the sunny afternoons, when everything is bathed in light and the sea is twinkling in sparkling beauty. The tennis lawns, under the shadows of the pre-revolutionary willows, are bright with the gay attire of the players, and the myriad colored parasols of the onlooking fair ones render the grounds like a *parterre* of huge flowers. Golf has invaded the island, and the talk is of clubs and tees, of holes and strokes. Yachting parties are daily formed for excursions among the three hundred and sixty-five islands of the bay, while enthusiasts of inexperience adventure on deep-sea fishing expeditions on the heaving billows, which not infrequently leave rather too much for their happiness. The beach resounds with the laughter and screams of bathers in garbs of varied designs, which render the individuality of the wearers a puzzle to their relations. Germans, cottillions, progressive euchres, domino parties and little dances bring the day to a close, and it is only on the approach of the hour when the electric lights go out that the company goes trooping upstairs to early bed. Judging from the frantic efforts of the belated beauties, with sleep still on their eyes, to reach the dining-room in the morning, where "Coleman" in a threatening manner is looking at his watch to ascertain if it is yet nine o'clock, they must sleep the sleep of the just. A dinner and a dance was given the other night by Mr. and Mrs. Stevens of New York to the officers of the monitor Monadnock, now in the harbor, and among the invited the young ladies of Toronto were not overlooked. The Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes were on the occasion gracefully intertwined. Among the guests at the hotel are: Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Davidson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Kay and family, Mr. and Mrs. Burn and family, of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Gault, Mr. and Mrs. Simms and family, of Montreal, Mr. Playter, Toronto, is again on the scene. He no longer, as in former years, retires to the woods to read solid literature, but goes wild into all amusements, and it looks as if a United States heiress was soon to be added to Toronto society. Many pleasant people are among the guests, not the least being Mr. Dudley Bucke, the well known composer, and his family."

Mr. George Verry of Baldwin street, who has been traveling through England during the last four months, returns to Toronto the 1st of September.

Mr. Henry Bourlier, who has not been in his usual health, is on the Atlantic sea coast for change and rest.

On Saturday, August 17, at the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. T. L. Barclay, registrar of the courts, Whitby, Miss Helena Josephine Barclay, a distinguished-looking and clever lady, much esteemed by many Toronto friends, was married to Mr. Frederick P. Mackintosh, brother of the ex-Lieutenant-Governor of the N.W.T. Rev. J. S. Broughall, B.A., All Saints' church, Whitby, was the officiating clergyman. Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh will, upon their return from their honeymoon, take up their residence in Toronto, and will be welcomed heartily to social circles, where both are already well known.

Mr. J. B. Fuller, manager of the Whitehead & Hoag Co., is holidaying amongst the Thousand Islands.

Miss Jessie and Miss M. Gilmor are spending August at Stony Lake, Peterboro'.

Miss Mildred Wilson has returned from Glen Rowan, Jackson's Point, where she has been enjoying a pleasant holiday as the guest of her cousin, Mrs. W. J. Wilson of 139 College street.

Mr. W. B. Short is spending his vacation at Stone Leigh Island, Stony Lake.

Miss McRoberts and Miss Magrath of Pittsburg, Pa., who have been visiting Mrs. W. McKee, jr., of Dunn avenue, returned home this week.

Mr. J. G. Merrick, B.A., is enjoying the summer in England. At last accounts he was seeing the corners of renowned Oxford, and paying particular attention to the state of boating matters there. Mr. Merrick is very enthusiastic over the prospects of rowing in the Canadian colleges.

Windsor was *en fete* last Thursday evening, when a grand fancy dress ball was marvellously well put on train and carried to a most successful conclusion. The varied costumes, the enthusiastic attendance, which included many guests from neighboring islands and cottagers at Windsor, and the excellent music of the Italian orchestra from Toronto, combined to ensure a very great success. A few of the costumes and their wearers are enumerated, but many others were seen and admired also: Miss Helen Wadsworth, Dolly Varden; Miss Crease, Lady Slavey; Miss Emily Sprague, flower girl; Miss Gyp Armstrong, a summer girl; Miss Ridout, Winter; Miss Ruth Fuller, a golfer; Miss Cow grey, Sinecure, a pine tree; Miss Ethel Briggs, lady of 1887; Miss Beatrice Sprague, Britannia; Miss Katie Cross, nurse of the Red Cross; Miss Turner, Hamilton, lady of 1887; Miss Lucy Turner, Hamilton, a Swiss peasant; Miss Plummer, Japanese lady; Miss Lyscombe, Gelsa; Miss Alice Baines, Red Riding Hood; Miss Fallowe, Hamilton, a Scotch lassie; Miss Balfour, Hamilton, gypsy; Miss Nichol, Summer; Miss Mary

Phillips, golden god; Miss Talley, Night; Mr. Billy Smith, Highlander; Mr. Jack Meredith, clown; Mr. Boddy, a jester; Mr. Alex. Ireland, an Arab; Mr. P. Morrison, a milkmaid; Mr. Benson, a darkey; Mr. Beecher, a Chinaman; Mr. Guy Ireland, a society lady; Mr. Carr, Little Willie off the Yacht; Mr. Tadley, Niagara, and Mr. Buffen of Virginia, rustics; Mr. Rochester Rogers, ghost; Mr. Courtney Kingstone, yachtsman; Mr. Crease, a golfer; Mr. Lash, a sportsman; and many others.

Mr. E. R. Thomas of St. Joseph street has returned from spending a few days with his family, who are summering at Penetanguishene.

Miss Belle Montgomery and Miss Thom of Rosedale have returned from Mrs. McMaster's summer home in the Adirondacks.

Mrs. Will Daniel and her little son have returned to town from Lorne Park, where they have spent the last two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Mason and son have gone back of Ottawa, to Lake St. Minver, one of the lovely small lakes in the Laurentian Mountains, where Mrs. Mason's father, the late Mr. W. J. Tilley of Ottawa, for successive summers took his family. All that region is the Muskoka of the Ottawaites.

Toronto people have felt an unusual interest in the International yacht race down east this week, as a Toronto man was so closely identified with the victorious yacht. The Dominion has had the glory of retaining the magnificent trophy in Canada which the yachtsmen from across the line so ardently desired to secure. "A slow people," says a United States journalist, in summing up our faults and merits. On land we may be a trifle disposed to linger, but on water even our neighbors must allow we are not so slow.

Mr. E. C. T. O'Hara, private secretary to Sir Richard Cartwright, returned to Ottawa on Tuesday after an absence of two months. Mr. O'Hara was ill at his home in Chatham, Ont.

On Tuesday evening the Misses Mae and Grace Fisher entertained a few friends at a wheeling party. After doing Rosedale and a number of the picturesque portions of the city and suburbs, the party returned to 15 Windsor street, where, after a car-pole dance, refreshments were served. Amongst those present were: Mr. and Mrs. McMullen, the Misses Mae and Grace Fisher, Miss Sadie Fisher, the Misses Higginbotham, and Messrs. McBean, Ward, and others.

Mrs. Alfred Denison and Master Eddie Monck of Chatham returned on Tuesday evening from a visit to Fort Porter, Buffalo. They were the guests of Mrs. Alfred T. Smith, wife of the colonel of the Thirteenth Infantry, U.S.A.

Mrs. Kathleen Blake Watkins returned from Cuba last week on the transport St. Louis.

Many Toronto friends were shocked to hear of the very sudden death of Mrs. Heron of Ottawa, a daughter of the late Gordon Brown of Toronto.

A very successful concert, followed by a dance, was held at Chautauqua Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake, on Friday evening of last week. The musical portion of the evening was very much enjoyed, and at the dance afterwards pretty little Miss Ruth Sherwood was unanimously voted the belle of the evening.

Mr. J. R. Walker has left the city to spend a short time among the Thousand Islands in camp with Mr. T. A. Snider and party, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mayor Andrews of Winnipeg was in the city this week on his way to London, England, and was photographed at the Rex Studio.

Mr. and Mrs. Drysdale and the two little ones arrived home this week from Muskoka, where they spent a very pleasant holiday.

Mr. William Wilfrid Campbell of Ottawa passed through Toronto this week on his way to Warton for a short visit with relatives.

Dr. Carveth and Mrs. Carveth left on Wednesday for a holiday by the sea at Oak Orchard.

Miss Gibson of Maitland street has returned home after a month's visit in Rochester, N.Y., and Conesus Lake, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Lees of Hamilton have returned from Montreal, Quebec and Boston.

The musical given at Hotel Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Friday evening of last week, under the able direction of the popular entertainer, Mr. Harry Bennett, was in every respect a decided success. An excellent programme was rendered by the following well known artists of Toronto: Mrs. J. (Major) Thompson, Miss Kate Beatty, A.T.C.M., Messrs. John E. Turton, George Smedley, Harold Crane, Harry Bennett and Prof. R. G. Stapells. Dancing was indulged in until a late hour to the sweet strains of an orchestra. The guests and visitors expressed themselves delighted with the excellence of the entertainment.

The *Artist*, London, in its July issue, which is a Burne-Jones memorial number, thus amazingly describes a Toronto artist: "Mr. Bruenech is a French-Canadian, for he was born in St. Malo, Brittany." This is something of a geographic mix-up, and equal to the enterprise of a Spanish editor who informs his readers that the only means of transportation of the forces of the United States to the South is over a very rickety bridge across Niagara Falls near Labrador. Though this might be expected from an editorial Spanish, the mistake of the *Artist* is less excusable. It may be, however, that the writer opines that birth in France and

NASMITH'S
CHOCOLATE BON-BONS
Name on Every Piece
A sample package per mail, 10c. Mailed or expressed to any part of Canada, 60c. per lb.
The NASMITH CO., Limited - Toronto

ATTO
DRY GOODS ONLY
Arriving
in large quantities by every steamer, novelties in Black and Colored Dress Fabrics, Silks and Mantles.

Leaving
every day, the best selections in Cotton Shirt Waists, Belts, Ties and other summer goods that we are clearing at special prices.
Yet to Come
Our semi-annual publication now in publisher's hands, full of interest to distant shoppers, that may be secured on receipt of a postal request.

JOHN CATTO & SON
KING STREET
Opposite the Post Office, Toronto

Good Form in Wedding Invitations
Mr. & Mrs. Charles Goodman request the pleasure of your company at the marriage of their daughter Annie May to Mr. Graham Alex. Brownie, at the Church of the Redeemer on Monday evening, June the third, eighteen hundred and ninety eight, seven o'clock, down stairs.
For samples and prices write to BAIN BOOK & STATIONERY CO. 96 Yonge St., Toronto

subsequent residence in Canada justify the term "French-Canadian." Mr. Bruenech's two beautiful pictures, a Norway Fjord and a Lapp from Alton Fjord, had the distinction of a reproduction in the aforesaid memorial number of the *Artist*, with some very complimentary remarks upon Mr. Bruenech's work.

Mr. and Miss Bruenech have been up at Elora for their vacation, and Mr. Bruenech has captured many beautiful bits of scenery in that picturesque locality.

Society at the Capital.

It is rumored here that Lord Ava, eldest son of the Marquis of Dufferin, is to come out to Canada as A. D. C. to Lord Minto, our new Governor General. It is to be hoped this will be realized, as Lord Ava is universally popular in Ottawa society. He spent part of last winter at Rideau Hall, and he was the gayest of the gay at every function from an impromptu skeeving party to a state reception.

The Misses Du Moulin of Hamilton, daughters of His Lordship the Bishop of Niagara, are in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Elder Bliss, Richmond road.

Miss Florence Taylor, who has been spending her holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor, left last week to resume her work at one of the leading New York hospitals.

Sir Henri Joly and Mr. Scott, who have held the Government fort here, were reinforced last week by the arrival of Dr. Borden and Mr. Patterson.

Mrs. Cur Harris of Kingston is in town on a visit to her people.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Monck of Liskar street, who have been summering at March, returned home last week.

Mr. L. K. Jones left on Monday for Fernbach, where he will visit Mr. and Mrs. A. Z. Palmer.

Rev. Canon Pollard, rector of St. John's church, and Mrs. Pollard, who have been spending the summer at Cacouna, returned home on Saturday.

Mr. Graham and Mr. Cunningham of the Guards left on Monday for Toronto, where they will take a three weeks' course at Stanley Barracks.

Mrs. Cotton of Vancouver, B.C., is in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Smith, Daly street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin J. Skead and their children sailed on the Parisian Friday for England. They will spend the next six weeks abroad.

Col. Sherwood, Commissioner of Dominion Police, Mrs. Sherwood, and their family, are spending the month at the

Hotel Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake. Dr. Dawson of the Geological Survey left on Wednesday evening for Edmonton, N.W.T.

The Misses Thistle, who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Egan on their tour abroad this summer, sail from Liverpool this week.

Dr. H. P. Wright returns to town on Thursday from Cap a l'Aigle, where he spent a brief holiday with his family.

Sir A. P. Caron, who spent the past week in Toronto, got back to town Saturday evening.

Ottawa, August 16, '98.

The New Woman and the Old

SARAH GRAND has written a number of paragraphs in the New York *Herald* under the heading The New Woman and the Old, in which she clearly favors the former. Space restricts the reproduction of but one of her impressions: "I saw a lady the other day standing beside a bicycle in a country lane. She was a young creature, slender, elegant, admirably built her figure set off to the best advantage by the new cycling costume, being evidently undeformed by compression of any kind. Judging by what the papers say of the effect of this costume on the female character, I really should have been afraid to accost her. However, she spoke to me very courteously, asking her way, which she had lost. I directed her, and then she prepared to mount. 'Oh! wait one moment,' I exclaimed, emboldened by the charm of her manner. 'Do pardon me for asking, but are you the New Woman?' 'I'm sure I don't know,' she answered, laughing; 'I only know that I enjoy every hour of my life, and that is a new thing for a woman. But pray excuse me. I am hurrying home to put my baby to bed and get my husband's tea.' She whirled away, leaving me at first under the impression that, of course, she could not be the New Woman. On second thought, however, I felt pretty sure that she was—the New Woman and the Old, too—in the perfection of her physique, old in her home-loving proclivities; a stronger, better, more beautiful creature than the block-headed majority can conceive. You may know her for certain by her manners, for she is always gentle and serene. It is the Old Woman who shrieks. Her most prominent characteristic is disloyalty to her own sex. She heaps abuse upon the New Woman, whom she does not know; but the New Woman bears her no ill-will for her attacks, which are fine samples of what ought not to be, and help notably to point her own moral."

The Newport Season.

AT the opening of the Newport season, which was earlier this year than usual, it was suggested that a quiet time was to be expected, as a consequence of the war and its attendant calamities. Now, however, come accounts of a "social whirl" which is already swift enough to throw one off his feet. This change in the aspect of the fashionable resort is said to be due to the recent visit of the Count of Turin, which made the month of July "a round of feasting and enthusiasm." An incident which is being discussed by the cottagers is the meeting of the Count with an Italian musician at Mrs. John Thompson Spencer's. The musician had brought to Newport, as a letter of recommendation, a note of praise which the Count had sent him some years ago for his skilful playing at several concerts he had given at the young nobleman's home. The musician was pleasantly greeted by the Count, and from the incident society gained a most delightful impression of the character of their distinguished visitor.

This month Newport society will revel in a season of dinner-dances, and during the opening week these functions were so numerous that they pretty well taxed the capacity of the seven short days which composed it. The dances which promise to be among the most talked of are those of Mrs. I. Townsend Burden, Mrs. Elisha Dyer, jr., and Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who arrived recently from Europe, is at The Breakers, and, although it is said his health is much improved, his affliction is still painfully apparent. The arrival of the family has none the less given a cheerful air to the Vanderbilt mansion, and will doubtless have a tendency to add to the lustre of an already exceptionally brilliant season.

"O'Brien got mixed up with a mad hatter yesterday." "How did it end?" "It was a toss-up."—*Chicago News*

Judge—Why did you steal this gentleman's purse? Prisoner—I thought the change might do me good.—*Tit Bits*

Algy—That girl is worth half a mill on dollars, and Clarence hugged her for four hours on the pier last night. Reggy—Yes; another case of being pressed for money.—*Judge*

Jill—You puckered up your lips so then that I thought you were going to kiss me. Jack—No; I got some sand in my mouth. Jill—Well, for heaven's sake, swallow it! You need it in your system.—*Troy Times*

First Swell (pretending to mistake for a waiter a rival whom he sees standing in dress-clothes at the cloak room of the theatre)—Ah! have you a programme? Second Swell (up to snuff)—Flunk, my man; I got one from the other fellow.—*Tit Bits*

Going Camping
Each one of those little, light Soup Squares, made by E. Lazenby & Son, of England, can be carried in the vest pocket, but each one makes a pint and a half of strong, nutritious soup, and quickly, too. Best grocers sell them.

Lazenby's Soup Squares
What makes you take along those heavy cans of soup—every ounce of extra weight counts before you get there. Then, too, canned soup is frequently not what it's cracked up to be in quality.

Mineral Waters
KEPT BY
HOOPER & CO.
43 & 45 King Street West
PHONE 536

APENTA	LEVICO
APOLLINARIS	LITHIA, BUFFALO
BETHESDA	LITHIA, GENEVA
CARLSBAD	POLANA
CONGRESS	PULNA
CONTREXEVILLE	RADNOR
FRANZ JOSEF	RUBINAT (Cordoli)
GODESBERGER	ST. LEGER
HATHORN	VICHY Celestines
HUNYADI JANOS	Saratoga

Mail orders from Muskoka and other summer resorts forwarded by first possible conveyance.

Healthy Pots and Pans!
That's right—food tastes better cooked in pure, wholesome enameled ware. Find Kemp's
GRANITE OR DIAMOND
labels on every piece and be sure of the best kitchen utensils made. We guarantee these brands, and you can get them at any dealer's without extra cost.
Kemp, Mfg. Co., Toronto

GEO. W. COOLEY
BRANDIES—Exshaw's and all the best brands
LESTAPIS—Clarets
A. LIGERET—Burgundies, &c.
567 YONGE STREET
TELEPHONE 3089
A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath.
The Millionaires. By FRANKFORT MOORE.
The Massarenes. By OUIDA.
A Full Line of Stationery at Lowest Prices

MISS E. PORTER
stationery Dept.—Ladies' Work Depository
IN KING STREET EAST
Tidy the Florist
sends by express Floral Designs, Wedding Bouquets or loose flowers anywhere in Canada and guarantees their arrival in good condition.
Roses from 50c. to \$1.25 per doz.
75 King Street West

Summer Pleasure . . .
Make your trip on the boat a double pleasure by taking along one of our Special Lunches, put up in a box.
GEO. S. McCONKEY
Caterer and Manufacturing Confectioner
27 & 29 King St. W.

Cook's Turkish Baths
Are the finest in Canada, having the latest appliances, and perfect in their appointments. The sleeping accommodation for the night bathers is the finest on the continent. Thoroughly experienced attendants for ladies and gentlemen. Massage, Massage and Chiropodist always in attendance.
201 King St. West. T. T. COOK, Prop.
Phone 1284. Late Prop. Montreal Turkish Baths.

The Waist Line Can't Stretch
In this beautiful Parisian model corset, Queen Moo, which from its charming Short Length Effect is becoming daily more popular with women of culture, who find it the acme of elegance and durability.
Sold by all the Leading Merchants
MANUFACTURED BY
The Crompton Corset Co.
LIMITED
TORONTO

SWITCHES
In all Lengths and Shades
BANGS
In all Shapes
WIGS
In every Style
WAVE FRONTS
In newest Designs
Our reputation is well known everywhere, and the satisfaction we have given in the past warrants the truth of our statement, that we can serve you better and cheaper than any house in America.
The DORENWEND CO.
of Toronto, Limited
103-105 YONGE ST.
Be sure you are in Dorenwend's, between Adelaide and King Streets.

Visitors to the Toronto Exhibition
Who are in want of Hair Goods, for convenience or necessity, would do well to pay a visit to Armand's Hair and Perfumery Store, 441 Yonge, cor. Carlton St. Tel. 248. Any restorer of hair will take you to our door. We have imported an immense stock of raw hair—naturally wavy, naturally curly and straight hair. We have the largest and finest assortment of the latest styles of Bangs, Waves, Head Coverings, Toupees, Wigs. The latest style of Neck Ties, \$1.50 a set of 2 curls. Immense choice of fine Hair Switches, natural wavy or straight hair. You can save money by purchasing from us. We manufacture every article ourselves. Ladies' Hair Dressing, Face Massage and Manicure Parlors. If your hair requires attention or stylishly dressed, come to us. Ladies' Face Massage and Steamings, most natural and most beneficial treatment for the complexion. Manicure for ladies, children and gentlemen, 50c. each. Parlors open from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Telephone 248.
Armand's Hair and Perfumery Store
441 Yonge, cor. Carlton St., Toronto, Ont.

PEMBER'S Scientific Electric Treatment for the Scalp and Hair
A few applications is sufficient to stop the hair falling and restore it to healthy and vigorous growth. It is endorsed by the leading scalp specialists in Europe. If you need hair goods, we have the finest and most natural in appearance, and having just returned from the Continent, we have now the largest and finest stock of hair goods in Canada, therefore we are in a position to sell the finest goods and give the best value in our line in Canada.
Turkish Baths in connection.
W. T. PEMBER
127-129 Yonge Street
Branch—778 Yonge
Telephones—2715, 3533

Bohemian Glass
An assortment of the latest designs in Green and Gold, Crystal and Gold.
Bon Bon Trays
Roman Punch Cups
Vases . . .
Loving Cups, &c.
William Junor
39 King Street West
TORONTO
Opp. Canada Life Building

(Copyrighted, 1898, by Fergus Hume.)

THE PROFESSOR'S MUMMY.

BY FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab."

Gossip consists commonly of lies; yet occasionally by acute observers grains of truth may be discerned in the untrustworthy mass. As a specimen of how iron of fact intermingles with clay of falsehood, may be instanced the rumors relative to Professor Carberry, his wife, and young Mr. Vale. It was said—and with good reason—that Carberry coveted Vale's celebrated mummy of the XX. Dynasty, while Vale envied the Professor his wife.

The Camford cynics suggested an exchange as conducive to the happiness of all parties. A sale, and the Professor would gain possession of the desired mummy; a divorce, and Mrs. Carberry would be free to become Mrs. Vale. But to the proposed course there was one objection: Vale was a poor man, and could better support a dried-up corpse, which had no needs, than extravagant Mrs. Carberry, who was said to have many. Into the ostensible truth of this latter assertion creeps falsehood.

Despite outward evidence to the contrary, Lucy Carberry was not extravagant. She had no chance of being so; for her husband kept the purse, and was niggardly in doling out its contents. He allowed a meagre sum for household expenses, a still smaller amount for clothes befitting the wife of a Camford University Professor, and not a single penny for pleasure or relaxation. Out of means barely sufficient for necessities, Mrs. Carberry was supposed to provide the miracle of a lavish table, and achieve the impossible of a fashionable appearance. If the meals were not dainty and plentiful, if the wife was not dressed with taste and refinement, Carberry made it his business to be disagreeable, and became so to the point of ill-treatment. It was a life of blows in private, smiles in public; and poor pretty Lucy had a wholesome dread of her domestic tyrant.

Why, then, or where she married him no one knew. One day the newly-wedded pair unexpectedly took up their abode in Camford—of which scholastic town Carberry was an old resident, and a professor of Michael's College—and so great was the contrast of her fair loveliness and his dark blackness that they speedily became known as Beauty and the Beast. Carberry himself was a wizen little man with a large head and a lined yellow face, suggestive of evil instincts kept under by force of will. He had malicious black eyes, a wisp of black moustache struggling over thin lips, and a lean, small-waisted figure, straight and nervously alert. His smile and speech were cynical, his dress scrupulously neat, and in every way he was the antithesis of his pretty, soft girl-bride.

She, poor soul, was one of those delicate, timid women who require attention and kindness to bring out their good qualities. Lucy was a flower which bloomed best in sunshine; a tender blossom susceptible to the least chill in the atmosphere. Pink and white in complexion, blue-eyed and golden-haired, she was emotional and charming; at once angel and martyr. Carberry, grim realist as he was, did not understand her in the least. He termed her a sentimental fool, and crushed her innocent aspirations with sneering cynicism, so that within a few months of her marriage Lucy lost her angelic wings, and became a domestic martyr, whose daily life was one of torture and silent endurance. She had not even a child to comfort her bruised heart, and the Carberry household represented a sort of domestic hell, wherein the wife was the damned, the husband the devil. And alas, alas! God was deaf to the prayers of this tortured woman.

The Professor and his victim—a more appropriate name than wife—kept silent as to their meeting, and woe, and subsequent marriage. Only John Vale knew the truth, and he gained his knowledge first-hand.

"I was sold," explained Mrs. Carberry to him. "Sold by my mother like any slave in the East, and into a worse bondage. We lived at Bournemouth, mother and I. Father had been dead three years, and we supported ourselves by keeping a boarding-house. Mr. Carberry came to stay there one summer and took a fancy to me. I can't say that it was love," interpolated Mrs. Carberry, "for my husband does not know what that word means. I hated him from the first and refused his offer, but mother was talked over by him, and she forced me into the marriage. I was sold as a slave to this learned Pasha, and a slave he makes of me. Oh, I wish I were dead. I do! I do!" And the wretched little woman concluded the miserable story with a burst of tears.

It can be seen from this outburst that to the unhappy wife Vale was more than an acquaintance. He was a friend, and if the truth must be stated, his friendship showed signs of developing into yet closer relationship. Vale had no idea to what lengths this intimacy might go, but without intending anything definite, he had permitted himself—in the most innocent manner, he said—to drift into a somewhat anomalous position. Friendship between a young man and a pretty woman is the most dangerous of all relationships, and Vale was aware that Mrs. Carberry claimed more of his time and thoughts than was consistent with the attitude—morally and socially—he ought to preserve towards her. Moreover, the miserable life she led with an exacting and tyrannous husband aroused his pity, and that passion, according to Shakespeare, is akin to love. One false step and the result might be dangerous.

John Vale was the son of an enthusiastic Egyptologist who had squandered a large fortune upon an archeological collection. He had educated his sons to succeed to his treasures and labors, but to his disgust John evinced distaste for

mummies, coins, tombs, papyri and such like. Also he cherished literary ambitions, and wished to make his mark as a novelist. Vale senior censured, urged, implored, commanded Vale junior to have done with such trifling; but the son was as obstinate as the father, and the breach widened between them. Finally John took up journalism in London, and Mr. Vale remained at Camford sulking amid his antiquities. In due time the Egyptologist died, and the journalist returned to learn that beyond the house and a mummy of the XX. Dynasty he was heir to nothing. Vale had left his collection to the Camford Museum, and John found himself a pauper. He had been cut off with a mummy instead of the proverbial shilling, "in the hope," said the will, "that the sight of this marvelously embalmed Princess of the XX. Dynasty may induce my son John to devote his attention to the civilization of Ancient Egypt." Needless to say, John declined to violate his taste by adopting this posthumous advice. However, he retained possession of his ironical legacy.

Professor Carberry, who long had coveted this special mummy, desired to purchase it, but to his surprise John refused the most advantageous offers. He was quite determined, he said, to live in the house and earn his livelihood by literary work; also to keep the famous mummy which, in itself, represented the fortune he should have inherited. Being a reserved young man he refused further information, and Carberry marvelled at what seemed to him to be the ridiculous decision.

"Bless me, Vale!" said he with acerbity, "why should you adopt this dog-in-the-manger attitude? You don't care for the mummy and I do; you require money and I offer it to you. Why not then consult your own interests and sell?"

"No, Professor. I shall keep the mummy to remind me that my father squandered twenty thousand pounds on such-like rubbish."

"Don't disparage those whose tastes differ from your own," retorted Carberry with some dryness; "in my eyes your mummy is worth two hundred pounds. Come, I'll let you have that sum for it."

"No! I have made up my mind not to sell!"

"Obstinate man! I'll increase my offer to guineas. It's worth consideration!"

"I dare say; and worth more than the mummy," said John. "However, I can only thank you, and decline your proposal."

Carberry was vexed and showed it by frowning. Then he smiled and held out his hand. "Well, Vale, if you won't sell you won't," said he, "but if you should change your mind, let me know. My offer will remain open. And Vale," added the Professor, with a backward glance, "come and see us when you have nothing better to do."

John did not accept this cordial invitation at once, as he had no great love for Carberry and his whims. But one afternoon at a garden party he saw a pale and delicate face which fixed his wandering attention. Forthwith he begged his hostess for an introduction, and shortly found himself walking and talking with Mrs. Carberry. The Professor was not present, otherwise he would have resented the long conversation which took place between the pair. Both Vale and Lucy were mutually attracted to one another; and after a few moments they were chatting confidentially together as though they were friends of years' standing.

"I don't know why I tell you these things," said Lucy, stopping in the middle of a description of her taste in books. "I am sure they do not interest you."

"But indeed they do, Mrs. Carberry. I am enjoying our conversation more than I dare tell you."

"Ah, that is because you are what the Italians call 'simpatica.'"

"It is the first time such a term has been applied to me," laughed John. "I am not what you term a ladies' man. The Professor is, I understand."

"Is he? That is news to me."

She said this so bitterly that Vale was surprised, and glanced sideways at her charming face. The rosy color induced by the pleasant conversation had died out, the soft eyes had hardened, and the mobile lips were firmly set in a thin line of scorn. When Carberry was mentioned Lucy could govern her speech by limiting it to a few cold and careless words; but the expression of her face was beyond her control, and the opinion she entertained of her husband could be read thereon without difficulty. John saw dread and hate in every line of the pretty countenance; and also he deduced fear from the nervous and hurried way in which her eyes traveled around the sunlit lawn. He concluded from such evidence that Mrs. Carberry both feared and hated her husband. And in this conclusion he was absolutely right.

With considerable tact he turned the conversation into another channel, and soon he was confirmed in his opinion of her matrimonial feelings by seeing the face relax and the eyes soften. When Carberry came to take his wife away—which he did in a particularly gracious and smiling manner—Vale noted the Medusa-like transformation once more. When speaking to him Lucy's face had been full of change and color and charm; when leaving with her husband it was a mask of stone, hard and colorless. Only the expression of the eyes betrayed how terrified was the soul hidden in that slender body. These things afforded Vale food for much reflection on his way home. "I knew that Carberry was a brute," he mused, taking the most extreme view of the Professor's character. "He tyrannizes over that poor little woman. She looked like a dove caught in a snare when her

husband appeared. It is a case of joy abated and grief at home I suspect; but a few enquiries will soon enlighten me on that point."

In this supposition he was wrong, for his few enquiries did nothing of the sort. To all the gossip of Camford he applied artfully for information, and from all the gossips—on the best authority—he heard the same story. Professor Carberry was an amiable genius married to a brainless doll. He was the most delightful companion in the world, but he required a clever woman to understand and appreciate him; and Mrs. Carberry—by unanimous opinion—was not a clever woman. She was pretty, in a washed-out way, she had a few social tricks like a well-bred poodle, and a feeble stream of parrot-like chatter. But brains! Where was Mr. Vale's talent for character-reading to look for brains in that Dresden china nonentity! On the whole the verdict of Camford womanhood was dead against Lucy.

John, in his own mind, declined to accept this verdict as final. He saw that the Camford ladies grudged Lucy her acquisition of an eligible bachelor, and in revenge were determined to deny her possession of all feminine graces likely to account for the marriage. To learn the other side of the question Vale determined to use the invitation he had received from the Professor, and in pursuance of this idea he called forthwith on Mrs. Carberry. Again the mutual attraction declared itself between the pair, and they spent a most delightful hour together, notwithstanding the inconvenient presence of Carberry himself. In response to an appealing glance from Lucy—she did not dare to put her wish into words—John again repeated his visit. Ultimately, as controlled by some irresistible fate, the young man fell into the habit of passing the greater part of his spare time in the company of Mrs. Carberry. Busybodies noted the fact, and informed the Professor, who merely shrugged his shoulders, and said that his wife liked to be amused. Nevertheless he thought sufficient of the hint to keep a close watch on the progress of this new acquaintanceship. It was at this point that Camford cynics suggested exchange of wife for mummy.

Ignorant of gossip and espionage the lovers—as they tacitly were—drifted into a knowledge that they could not live without one another. For a considerable time Lucy shrank from revealing her domestic misery, but finally she spoke out, and the indignation with which Vale received her confession drew them still closer together. Carberry made no attempt to end their friendship, but blinking like some sly beast of prey, he kept himself informed of all that was going on. At length the inevitable happened: a look too much, a sigh too long, and John declared his passion. Lucy listened, hesitated, and was lost.

How Carberry learned the actual truth—which at the present time was innocent enough—it is impossible to say. But learn it he did, and then cast about for some means whereby to punish the rebellion of his white slave and the presumption of her lover. The Spanish blood in his veins—his mother was from Catalonia—incited him to frenzy, and without considering that it was his own brutality which had alienated his wife, he determined upon revenge, and that of the most merciless. To accomplish this he feigned ignorance of the stolen glances and secret interviews of the pair; yet he noted the former, and knew when, where, and at what time the latter took place. Indeed, he was actually present at one in the role of eavesdropper; and in accordance with the proverb, he heard little good of himself.

John was drinking afternoon tea with Lucy, and the short November twilight was drawing to night, so that the room was almost in darkness. Mrs. Carberry was seated before the small tea-table, and Vale, cup in hand, was leaning against the mantelpiece, while the fire diffused a coppery glow upon scene and actors. Hidden like a tiger in a jungle, Carberry crouched behind the half-closed folding door, which opened into the inner drawing-room, and drank in every word. He heard sufficient to convince him that as yet the relationship between the pair was one of ardent friendship merely; but the discovery that they were innocent of offence only added fuel to his wrath. Nor was this allayed by hearing what the two determined upon at the interview.

"I tell you what, Lucy," said John, enraged by the recital of fresh brutality, "you can't live any longer with this slave-driver. Come with me to London."

"But the world!" said Lucy pitiously.

"In—in an hour?" murmured Lucy.

"Yes. I want you to see the mummy, my—my love. It is a wonderful example of embalming, and will probably surprise you."

Grimacing like a monkey, yet with an undercurrent of ferocity, Carberry took his departure, leaving his wife in a half-fainting condition. She could not understand his menacing expressions, his gentle voice and significant smiles; they all seemed to be so many signals of danger. Of old she knew them as precursors to shameful treatment, and she shuddered to think of what she might undergo before she fled. Yet no idea of Carberry's intentions crossed her mind, and she was perfectly unaware that he was employed in checkingmate Vale's plans. When she gained a knowledge of the truth, it was too late.

Outside it was raining heavily, and Mrs. Carberry walked restlessly about the room, listening to the downpour. Occasionally a flicker of blue lightning flared through the room, and a sullen roll of thunder passed over the house. The disturbance of the elements, the ominous behavior of her tyrant, the expectation of the change in her life—all made Lucy uneasy, and she wished again and again that the morrow, with its hope of release, would come.

"Oh, John, John!" she whispered, with hands clasped to a beating heart. "I wish you were here—I wish we were away. I am afraid—afraid—terribly afraid!"

She would have gone to bed had she dared, but the fear of punishment lay heavily upon her; so she sat by the dying

"Never mind the world; it is of ourselves and of our happiness that we must think. As soon as you can get a divorce we will be married, and then we can defy the world. I am poor, it is true, but I have brains, and no doubt will be able to earn sufficient for our support. I love you—you love me; and you will be happier with me than with this reptile of a Carberry."

The listening reptile repaid with a silent curse this plain speaking, and settled himself more comfortably to listen. It was to his advantage to do so.

"We must arrange the matter at once," John was saying when the listener again caught the drift of the conversation. "You know how I love you, my poor darling. I cannot bear to think of your remaining in this wretched power. Say 'yes,' and we will go to London this week."

"But Mr. Carberry will pursue us."

"What of that? I'm not afraid of the rat!" said John, with a contemptuous memory of the Professor's stature. "A dozen Carberrys can't hurt me."

"I have no money!" objected Lucy.

"Nor have you, John."

"I have a plan to get sufficient," said her lover, by this time on his knees.

"Leave it all in my hands, dearest. You love me!"

"Better than all the world, darling."

"Then leave Carberry, and come with me."

"Oh, John! John!" She threw her arms around his neck. "You will never leave me, you will be good to me!"

"Always! always! I shall devote my life to making you happy!"

Then the pair fell to castle-building and talking of a golden future, while Carberry crept away maddened with wrath and shame. Determined upon revenge, he saw as yet no mode to accomplish it befittingly. Ordering John Vale out of the house was too contemptible a means, beating Lucy had staled by repetition, and Carberry was as anxious to devise some new punishment sufficiently cruel, as Xerxes was to discover a new pleasure. Chance put a weapon into his hand the next day when he received a letter from Vale, offering to sell the mummy for two hundred pounds.

"So this is how the money is to be obtained," sneered Carberry, taking in the situation. "The kid is to be seethed in its mother's milk. I am to supply funds for my own dishonor. Very good! Vale has suggested a trap into which he will fall himself."

Undoubtedly, morally speaking, the Professor had right on his side. Vale had no business to take his wife off him, and to trap him into supplying funds for the purpose of the elopement. But morality must at times give way to the law of humanity. Carberry treated his wife like a brute, and—so cunning he was in his attitude—the wretched woman had no redress by law; indeed, she had not the spirit to apply for redress even if it had been obtainable. Vale could only rescue her from a state of bondage and misery by breaking the law of morality, and there was something grimly just in his obtaining money from the husband to save the wife from further brutality. Both Lucy and John were acting wrongly—but look at the provocation. The rule about the casting of stones may be applied in this instance.

However, Carberry, esteeming himself a wronged man, proceeded with his plans for revenge. He wrote a polite note to Vale, intimating that he would call with a cheque that evening, and would bring back with him the case containing the mummy. Upon receipt of this John saw Lucy, and arranged with her to leave for London the next day, meeting her at the railway station for that purpose. Carberry lurking in the garden overheard what was determined upon, and chuckled to think what might happen—should his plans prove successful—before the elopement took place. He even taunted and tortured his unhappy wife, whom he had driven into sin, by a reference to the sale of the mummy before he left to keep the seven o'clock appointment.

"I wonder why Vale sold me his mummy after all!" he said aloud.

"Perhaps he wants money," suggested Lucy faintly.

"No doubt," said Carberry grimly. "Do you know why?"

"I do—no! how—how should I know?"

"Oh, nothing! Only I thought that Vale told you everything. Well, I must go," added the Professor, going to the door. "I'll be back in an hour, mummy and all."

"In—in an hour?" murmured Lucy.

"Yes. I want you to see the mummy, my—my love. It is a wonderful example of embalming, and will probably surprise you."

Grimacing like a monkey, yet with an undercurrent of ferocity, Carberry took his departure, leaving his wife in a half-fainting condition. She could not understand his menacing expressions, his gentle voice and significant smiles; they all seemed to be so many signals of danger. Of old she knew them as precursors to shameful treatment, and she shuddered to think of what she might undergo before she fled. Yet no idea of Carberry's intentions crossed her mind, and she was perfectly unaware that he was employed in checkingmate Vale's plans. When she gained a knowledge of the truth, it was too late.

Outside it was raining heavily, and Mrs. Carberry walked restlessly about the room, listening to the downpour. Occasionally a flicker of blue lightning flared through the room, and a sullen roll of thunder passed over the house. The disturbance of the elements, the ominous behavior of her tyrant, the expectation of the change in her life—all made Lucy uneasy, and she wished again and again that the morrow, with its hope of release, would come.

"Oh, John, John!" she whispered, with hands clasped to a beating heart. "I wish you were here—I wish we were away. I am afraid—afraid—terribly afraid!"

She would have gone to bed had she dared, but the fear of punishment lay heavily upon her; so she sat by the dying

"You Cannot Be Sure"

THAT IT'S THE GENUINE



Unless the name is on the sealed lead packet. This is your safeguard.
By all Grocers—25c., 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c.

fire, listening for the sound of footsteps through the storm. At nine she heard the door open, the tramping of many feet, and the bumping of a heavy case being dragged into Carberry's study. With a sudden start she woke to the fact that the mummy had arrived, that her vigil was over; and she went out to speak with her husband as he was paying and dismissing the men who had brought the case. Then they departed, the sound of wheels died heavily away, and Carberry looked steadily at his pale-faced wife. There was danger in his regard.

"May I go to bed now?" asked Lucy submissively, keeping her eyes fixed on the floor.

"No. I wish you to see my new treasure."

Something in his voice, hoarse and broken, made her look up, and she started back with a low cry. The light of the candle he was holding revealed a white and distorted countenance; there was a frown on the forehead and a look of menace in the eyes, while the cruel expression lurking about the line of his thin lips terrified her into a shriek. At her ejaculation he gripped her savagely by the hand, and smiled grimly. It was not a pleasant smile.

"Why do you look so?" he demanded quietly. "Why do you cry out?"

"Your—your face!"

"Never mind my face, woman; mind your actions. If I wasn't in the best of tempers at getting that mummy I'd—"

He raised his fist, but as she shrank away, terrified, he dropped it again, and continued his speech. "I have paid a long price for what is in that case. Come and look at it!"

"The mummy! I don't like looking on such horrors."

"All the same, you must look," growled Carberry, pushing her into the study. "You'd rather look upon Vale, I suppose."

Lucy made no reply to this taunt, lest she should betray herself, but sat down and stared nervously at the rough deal case which leaned against the wall. Carberry was already unscrewing it, and the poor woman braced herself up to see the remains of the ancient Princess who had lived, and loved, and sinned so many years ago. To get a good working light the Professor had placed a lamp on the near table, adjusting the shade so that the glare should fall directly upon the square face of the case. The rest of the room was in semi-darkness, and Lucy's emotions—which were those of nervous dread—were veiled by shadow. There was something grim and gruesome and terrible about the scene.

Suddenly the loosened lid of the case fell outward at Carberry's feet, and the glare of the lamp revealed what lay within. It was not the mummy. Lucy rose slowly to her feet, and like a bird fascinated by a snake she moved slowly across the room. She looked at her husband and again at the contents of the case. Then a whisper issued softly from out her pale lips.

"Dead?"

"Dead!" assented Carberry cruelly.

"Your lover John Vale. Dead?"

"You—you—"

"Yes, I killed him. Ah! you jade, you and he thought to trick me. You laid your plans well, but I laid mine better. I knew that the money for which the mummy was sold was to be used for your flight. Do you think I took a cheque, or gold, or notes in my pocket when I went to see John Vale this evening? No! I took a knife, and that knife," he pointed at

lean finger at the wound in the dead man's breast, "that knife," he repeated, "found his false heart. There is no flight for him or you. To him a dishonored grave; to me revenge; to you—"

He paused in his furious speech to listen to the laughter which was rippling from Lucy's lips. She smiled and laughed, and bent forward to kiss the cold lips of dead John Vale. At the repetition of this ghastly merriment Carberry laughed also.

"So!" said he grimly, "your punishment has begun already. Your lover will go to the cemetery, you to an asylum. I'm sorry, my dear, I can't stay to take you there, but I must provide for my own safety. In half an hour I leave Camford Station for London, and then—the world

will be a different place. You will find it so. I have just opened up a very dainty lot of Doulton ornamental pieces, principally vases. They are very richly decorated and handsome presentation pieces.

CHINA HALL
JOS. IRVING
49 KING EAST

HAY FEVER
CURED TO STAY CURED.
Dr. HATES, Buffalo, N.Y.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
Rice's Pure Salt
BEST FOR TABLE, DAIRY AND FARM

ADAMS' Tutti-Frutti
AIDS DIGESTION.
FREE. A variety of very handsome and useful presents are sent free for the return of sets of coupons from Tutti-Frutti Cans. Get ones.

A Study...
of the CANADIAN PRICE LIST of
DR. JAEGER'S UNDERWEAR
will decide our
AMERICAN VISITORS
to purchase in Toronto. Every necessary for ladies, men and children.
DEPT - 85 King Street West

Getting Ready

for the coming season—that's our programme these August days. Anticipating wants a little ahead, a visit to this store just now is interesting. In the Curtain and Drapery section we are busy opening the largest importations that we have at any time purchased—not alone goods selected with experience and care, but the feature of our stock is exclusiveness.

The same remark applies to Carpets, which are coming to hand in large quantities. Getting ready for the home on return from your vacation you'll not meet with disappointment in a look at the stocks of this leading Carpet and Curtain House.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.
34 KING STREET WEST - - - TORONTO

Iron and Brass Beds

For the next thirty days we show a large line of low-priced metal beds.

Good strong Iron Beds, neatly trimmed with brass, from **\$3.90**

All kinds of high-class bedding at lowest prices.

The Schomberg Furniture Co. 651-653 YONGE ST.



"WHAT WE HAVE WE'LL HOLD."

Baby when he has once been treated to a bath with "BABY'S OWN SOAP"—wants no other—because he knows no other makes him feel so nice. Many imitations of Baby's Own Soap, look like it, but baby feels the difference.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs.
Montreal.

To Play Bell Pianos At Toronto Exhibition. Engagement Extraordinary of T. W. Eckert, the World's Greatest Orchestral Piano Player.

The Bell Piano Co. announce that they have secured the services of the great T. W. Eckert of New York, to play the wonderful orchestral attachment that is fitted only to "BELL" Pianos, at the coming Toronto Exhibition. Mr. Eckert will be heard at the firm's exhibit in the annex building daily, without charge.

Mr. Eckert is a famed tenor singer as well as a most accomplished musician. For years he was soloist of the Tivoli Opera Co. and conductor of the Mendelssohn Society of Birmingham, Ala., the largest singing society in the South. He



has sung the leading roles in 108 operas, 64 of them being grand operas. He also filled the important position of organist at St. Mark's in New York City.

Mr. Eckert will show what an immense number of different stringed instruments can be successfully imitated on the Bell Pianos, which are without a peer in the musical world. The Bell Company will have a magnificent display of upright pianos, the finish being in genuine rosewood, tulip-wood, mahogany, oak, walnut, etc.

The Company have made nearly ten thousand pianos in ten years, a position never attained by any other manufacturer, and a record of which the Bell Company is justly proud.

Visitors to the Exhibition are cordially invited to inspect the display of Bell Pianos.

Delicate children! What a source of anxiety they are! The parents wish them hearty and strong, but they keep thin and pale.

To all these delicate children Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites comes with the best of news.

It brings rich blood, strong bones, healthy nerves, and sound digestion. It is growth and prosperity to them.

No matter how delicate the child, it is readily taken.

See, and know, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Ladies A Word With You

A perfect-fitting corset permits of perfect freedom of movement and never distresses; such a corset is the most comfortable article of ladies' wearing apparel.

Most corsets are little better than "straight-jackets" and they certainly were never designed for comfort.

French corse-makers have won world-wide fame as corset-cutters, and in gay Paris, the center of the world's fashion, no corset enjoys the fame and enormous sale of the tailor-cut, hand-finished

P. D. CORSET

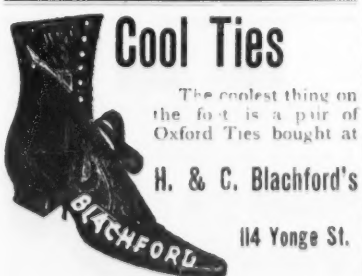
the lightest, coolest, most comfortable corset made.
At all dry goods stores.
\$1 to \$30 per pair.

It Isn't Luck

that has made our work as dyers and cleaners known the Dominion over. We have put earnest and experienced thought into it. And the outcome is that when we clean clothes we clean them; when we dye them we dye them. There is no experiment if you send dress or suit to these works or any of its branches.

R. PARKER & CO.
Head Office and Works—787-791 YONGE ST.
TORONTO

Branches—50 King St. West, 201 Yonge St., 471 Queen St. West, 1207 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East.
Phones—3037, 3040, 2113, 1001, 3098.



Cool Ties

The coolest thing on the foot is a pair of Oxford Ties bought at

H. & C. Blachford's
114 Yonge St.

is before me. As for you," he added brutally, "stay with your lover!" Lucy again kissed the dead man, and when Carberry, leaving the room, cast a backward glance she was again laughing. Next morning the servants found Carberry absent; in the study a corpse and a madwoman.

[THE END.]

Unable to Walk.

A Distressing Malady Cured by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

From the Harland, N.B., Advertiser.

Right in our own village is reported another of the remarkable cures that make Dr. Williams' Pink Pills so popular throughout the land. The case is that of Mrs. E. W. Millar. The Advertiser interviewed her husband, who was glad to relate the circumstances for publication, that others might read and have a remedy put into their hands, as it were. "For five years," said Mr. Millar, "my wife was unable to walk without aid. One physician diagnosed her case as coming from a spinal affection. Other doctors called the malady nervous prostration. Whatever the trouble was, she was weak and nervous. Her limbs had no strength and could not support her body. There also was a terrible weakness in her back. Three months ago she could not walk, but as a last resort, after trying many medicines, she began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Improvement was noted in a few days, and a few weeks has done wonders in restoring her health. To-day she can walk without assistance. You can imagine her delight as well as my own. We owe her recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them for any case of nervous weakness or general debility."

Mr. Millar is part owner and manager of one of our lumber mills, and is well known throughout the county.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Social Tyrannies of To-day.

St. James's Budget.

EVERYBODY hates paying calls. Yet "calling" is the main occupation of the large class of society that is known as "leisured," and is supposed to be free to do as it likes. It is the most oppressive of what most people recognize to be social tyrannies, but which it seems impossible to shake off. The attempts of people to be "unconventional" in various ways, which generally earn sneers where one might rather expect gratitude and co-operation, are at least evidence that the tyranny is felt. There is something quite pathetic in the thralldom of society to the conventional afternoon visit known as the "morning call." For it bears testimony to the dependence of men and women on their fellows; it is an effort towards friendship and sympathy, a struggle of fundamental instinct to realize itself through the artificiality of high civilization. But in result it is a dismal failure; those who submit to it with a wry face, and the more thoughtful in a spirit of suppressed revolt. Yet "calling" would probably be reckoned by most people among the "pleasures" of society, and theoretically it is difficult to see how it could be classified otherwise. If not a pleasure, what purpose does it serve? It cannot be argued that any section of mankind is any healthier, wealthier, wiser, or better because innumerable ladies spend their days in leaving innumerable pieces of cardboard on innumerable acquaintances, or in discussing the weather with well-dressed strangers in each other's drawing-rooms. But if "calling" is a pleasure it is a striking illustration of the selfishness of men that they concede to women almost a monopoly of it. It is perhaps because it is a pleasure that women indulge in it only from the highest sense of duty—duty to themselves, to their neighbors, to their husbands and their children. Duty to themselves for self-respect demands conformity to the dictates of good breeding, and "You can't dine with people, you know, or go to their parties, without having the civility to leave a card afterwards;" duty to their neighbors—because it is only right to make some acknowledgment of their thoughtfulness and hospitality; duty to their husbands—for how can the latter expect to get on in the world if their wives are not civil to those who may help to advancement? duty to their children—for sons will also want "interest" some day, and where will their daughters be when they "come out" if acquaintances in society are not kept up? This is what gives coercive power to the tyranny. There is no escape.

One might have supposed that the glaring silliness to which the institution has sunk would long since have driven practical people to find a way out. The law courts refuse to give force to a "custom" unless it be a reasonable custom. Why should not society do the same? Under certain conditions, of course, the custom is reasonable enough. But we are not here concerned with the pleasant chat over the tea-cups in a country vicarage when the lady of the manor and a few friends call on the parson's wife; nor with the equally enjoyable half-hour even in Mayfair when someone you really want to see is found in her boudoir ready to discuss Anglican ritual or the last improper novel. The bona fide "call" has little in common with these. It is the call when you sigh despairingly at the sound of the front-door bell, and greet the acquaintance, who devoutly hoped you were out, with a cordial smile and "so delighted to see you!" But if no calls were paid, how, it is sometimes asked, could we see anything of our friends? *Sancta simplicitas!* Whoever pays a call with the idea of seeing their friends! The true "caller" starts in her carriage with a "Court Guide" and a



"This 'ere China business do look all wrong; but depend upon it, Jarge, p'raps Lord Salisbury 'ave got some information as we 'aven't a got."—Punch.

sheet of note-paper full of names, and trusts to get through them all in an afternoon if Providence favors her with a high percentage of "outs." A friend found at home is a disaster.

Many ladies, perhaps most, now set apart one day in the week to be "at home." The "at home day" is a sort of inverted Sabbath—one day in seven when there shall be no rest, unconditionally surrendered to the boredom of receiving calls; the remaining six being thus left free for the slightly less burdensome pleasure of boring other people. Insincerity could scarcely go further than in the defence offered of this institution of "Thursdays in May and June," or "Tuesdays till Christmas": "It is so nice to know when you can make certain of seeing your friends!" The fact of course is, as everyone knows, that the one person you will certainly see nothing of whatever is the hostess who is "at home." Other callers may or may not be acquaintances of your own; but even if they should be, your friendly intercourse is confined to firing off a few conversational blank cartridges, or the intellectual exercise of mentally putting a price to their hats. Every caller is, of course, exquisitely attired; the "call" does at least afford the delight of a competition in costume, for all the *fin-de-siècle* shifting phases of opinion and belief have left society ladies still devotees of the gospel of the higher haberdashery, and worship at the shrine of the chignon makes even a *mancuella* guard *d'honneur* in a crowded drawing room endurable. And think of the gratifying sense of duty performed when you have touched your hostess's fingers with a grateful acknowledgment of the great pleasure of your call, and have left your husband's card in the hall and escaped to the free air of heaven and your hired victoria! A whole class of society thus toils on for ever at the social treadmill, calling, calling, calling; and with beautiful resignation day after day gets through "the trivial round, the common task."

Most men have very little practice in "calling," though a few are nearly as expert as women. As a rule the man, if he has any sense of his own limitations, feels instinctively that he has not the delicate finesse required in a skilled caller. The young man, unless he brings a wife or sister to give him a lead, seldom knows how to get away. He perhaps blunders into a conversation of some interest, and does not know how to break off at a comma without abruptness. And the hostess sometimes has a pretty way of conveying the idea that he provides a useful alloy in the pure gold of her lady callers, and her flattery makes a fool of him, so that he misses the psychological moment for a becoming exit. But the calling man is at best an exception. It is women alone who bear the burden and heat of the call. If some eminent statistician could tell us how many afternoon calls are paid in the course of a London season, what a revelation it would be of expended energy!

Bismarckiana.

Stories, Anecdotes, Sayings and Wit.
Fictions of the Iron Chancellor.

"Liars, cowards, it comes to much the same thing."
"If I have an enemy in my power I must destroy him."
"One can die but once, and if beaten it is better to die."
"What a gentleman has agreed to do is already as good as done."

He characterized Queen Victoria as one of "the wisest statesmen of the time."
"Take care of that man. He means what he says," was Disraeli's estimate of Bismarck.

Disraeli did Bismarck the honor of making him one of the characters in his *Endymion*—the Count of Ferrol.

He had a holy horror of professors. "You must not take me for a Heidelberg professor," he once said to Prince Napoleon.

"He who has once gazed into the glazed eye of a dying warrior on the field of battle will think twice before beginning a war."

"All great cities," Bismarck asserted in 1818, "as being mere hotbeds of anarchy and revolution, ought to be swept from the earth."

Camille Doucet once said to Napoleon III.: "Count von Bismarck has a genius for conveying false impressions by telling the naked truth."

Bismarck described universal suffrage

as "the government of a house by its nursery," adding, "You can do anything with children if you only play with them."

"The French are irreconcilable, savage foes, and if you strip them of the cook, the tailor and the hair-dresser, you will find nothing left in them but copper-skinned Indians."

"To be a good speaker, you must have the gift of improvisation; a good speaker must be somewhat of a poet, and therefore, cannot adhere mathematically to the truth."

"Please send me revolvers, of large size, a holster-pistol, Bismarck wrote to his wife on the day before Koniggratz; 'also a novel to read, but only one at a time.' After the battle of Sadowa he was found reading Paul Foval's *L'Hotel Carnavalet*."

"There is much good sense in England, but you have not done away with duelling. There is more of it among English schoolboys, who fight with their fists, than among those of any other country, and this may prevent the necessity for much fighting in after-life. English boys take rank at school according to their pluck, and hold that rank ever afterwards."

A Widely-Blown Error.

The Outlook.

A great many people have bought *The Celebrity*, by Winston Churchill, under the impression that the author is Mr. Wins on Spencer Churchill, son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. The author of *The Celebrity* is an American gentleman whose parents selected the Christian name of Winston for their son, probably on historical grounds. It will be remembered that the father of the great Duke of Marlborough was a Sir Winston Churchill, and the name has since recurred in the family. It is a strange coincidence that both the American and the English Winston Churchills should burst into print at the same time. It must also be an extremely annoying coincidence for both. Yet there is hope. The English Winston Churchill always signs his productions Winston Spencer Churchill, a far-seeing Providence having blest him with a

After the Spin A=Wheel,

the most invigorating, refreshing, and thirst-satisfying drink you can take is a glass of

Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

It takes the place of the nauseating mineral waters or insipid aerated beverages, besides being health-giving and strengthening. Carry a 25 cent bottle in your "kit" and freshen yourself after a run. Sold by druggists everywhere at 60 cents a large bottle. Trial size 25 cents.

The Leader AMONG TEAS LUDELLA CEYLON TEA

Free from all adulteration. Quality never varies. Always par excellence.

Lead Packages

25, 40, 50 and 60c.



When All Else

FAILS TRY

John Bull Malt Bread

It is a food which is all food. Testimonials from eminent physicians sent on application.

The leading bakers in Canada now have the John Bull Malt Flour and for sale for the bread. If your baker has not got it, or is just all out of it, send postal card to Weir Specialty Co., Limited, 56 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont., Sole Agents for Canada, and you will be directed where to get it. See that the Trade Mark band is on each loaf.

Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea

Only six weeks from the gardens of India to our breakfast tables.

double-barrelled name. Nevertheless, confusion will arise, and it may not be for several years that one of these young writers will have the right to print beneath his name on the title-page, "Avoid spurious imitations." The question is, Which?

Do You Tire Quickly?

Fatigue is the natural sequence of labor. If, however, it follows moderate or slight exertion it is the sign and evidence that the nervous system has lost tone and vigor, and requires assistance. Suioid is a resort to stimulants, since these only increase the enervation. Aid cannot be obtained in this way, but through medication, judiciously employed in restoring through the nervous system the digestive function, upon which primarily health depends. The whole range of medicine fails to produce a preparation possessing in equal degree the tonic and nutritive qualities of Maltine with Coca Wine. By the action of Maltine with Coca Wine upon the nervous system all the important functions of the body are stimulated and increased; the digestive process is performed efficiently and without discomfort, insuring the proper nourishment of the body. Tone takes the place of lassitude; vivacity dissipates depression; forebodings and despondency, and soon the quickening impulses of renewed health are experienced. Maltine with Coca Wine is sold by all druggists.

Mrs. von Bloomer—My dear, those people will be here in an hour to dinner, and the cook has been at your whisky.

"In that case I guess I'll join her."—*Life*.

Watts—What! You drinking again? I thought you told me you had won a victory over alcohol. Lushfort—Sp-hic-anish victory, ole feller.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Aspiring Tragedian—Ah! Robins, how are you? I saw you at our performance the other night. How did you like my assumption of Hamlet? Robins—Capital, my dear fellow. Greatest piece of assumption I ever saw in my life.

Old Million (with a scowl)—You want my daughter, eh? Now, sir, tell me in what single instance have you ever exhibited any business tact? Jake Fellows (grinning)—Well, that's easy enough. I picked on you for a father-in-law.

"I don't know whether to regard this young author as a marvel of courtesy or a phenomenal specimen of assurance," said the magazine editor's assistant. "What has he done?" "Enclosed a stamp to be put on the cheque in payment for his article."—*Washington Star*.

"I've had a delightful time on my holidays. No regular hours for meals. A large, airy room. No charge for hot and cold baths. All kinds of fruit and vegetables. A well-stocked wine cellar, and no charge for corkage, and, above all, no fees for the servants." "Delicious! Where is the ideal spot?" "I stayed at home."—*Tit-Bits*.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of teething? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will soothe poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and in the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

The Wabash Railroad Company
With its superb and magnificent new train service, is acknowledged by all travelers to be the most perfect railway system in America. It now runs four trains daily each way between Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City, passing through Niagara Falls, Welland, Simcoe, Tilsonburg, St. Thomas, Chatham and Detroit. The "CONTINENTAL LIMITED" is the most beautiful train ever seen in this country; all its cars have the new modern wide vestibule. All Wabash passenger trains have free reclining chair cars. Full particulars of this wonderful railroad from any R.R. Agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

The Home Dye That Saves

A woman who wants to dye at home wishes at least to save her time and money and temper—she can do all that with those brilliant, fast, quick, clean Home Dyes (made in England, Maypole Soap Dyes).

Unlike powder dyes, they dye an absolutely even color throughout. They wash and dye at one operation. Ask your grocer or druggist for

Maypole Soap

Or send 10 cents (15 cents for black) to the wholesale depot, 8 Place Royale, Montreal, for any color by mail.

OFFICE AND ROTUNDA



A Summer Rest

Will do you and your family good. You'll be happy here where we have everything for human comfort. Pure air, pure water, pure food, fresh fruit, milk and vegetables. Liberal table.

HOTEL DEL MONTE
PRESTON SPRINGS

WE KNOW HOW TO PHOTOGRAPH

and wish every reader of SATURDAY NIGHT to know the fact.

This accounts for a Preston photographer advertising in a Toronto paper. We number some of the most discriminating people in Toronto among our patrons, and we wish more to know us and our work and its quality.

Any kind of a picture that can be made by any photographic artist anywhere can be made as well or better here, and many kinds that are unobtainable elsewhere in Canada. Direct sepia photos on porcelain our specialty.

**THE BEST
WORK IN
CANADA** **James Esson**
PRESTON

SMITH'S DYE WORKS

106 KING ST. WEST
Telephone 2171
We sponge and rebind skirts with Velvet binding for \$1.00 and \$1.25.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, hand-colored, illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a single weekly issue without extra charge.

OFFICE:

SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING
Adelaide Street West - Toronto
Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE (Business Office) No. 1709
(Editorial Rooms) No. 1709

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year \$3.00
Six Months 1.00
Three Months50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 11 TORONTO, AUGUST 20, 1898. [No. 40]

For Holiday Seekers.

You can have SATURDAY NIGHT sent to any address in Canada or United States for 20 cents per month; to foreign addresses 25 cents. Order before leaving and appreciate afterwards your forethought.

Dramatic Notes.

THE Toronto Opera House will quite surprise its patrons when it opens for the season on Monday evening next. The house has only had one gallery heretofore, now it has two, an upper gallery having been added and the lower one deepened and greatly improved. There are also upper and lower boxes and many other improvements; the lighting will be better, and considerable decorative work has been done on the interior. Mr. J. A. Radford designed and made these extensive alterations for Manager Small. By the way, it is reported that Mr. Small is now in equal partnership with Mr. Sparrow as proprietors of this theater, which simply means that the house will be run on better lines than ever, for Mr. Small is not only extremely popular, but an unusually capable theatrical man, and, with full control in his hands, will give us such a list of attractions as the house has never put forward before. The programme is not announced yet, but we may expect Mr. Small to follow up the enlargement of his theater with an increase in the scope of its undertakings. In the meantime, it may be said that the house is due to open on Monday evening next with Murray and Mack in burlesque comedy.

The Princess Theater will be conducted on the same lines as last year, for although Ralph Cummings, the actor, is gone, Robert Cummings, the actor and manager, will run the theater. He will begin the season with his new stock company on Monday afternoon, Aug. 23, giving two performances daily, and at the same prices as last season. The well-known comedy, Jane, has been selected for the opening week, with Miss Stella Rees in the title role. Other members of the company are Mr. Ralph Stuart, Mr. Thomas J. Grady, Mr. Barry O'Neill, Mr. Kingston, Miss Nettie Marshall, Miss Walters and Miss Lillian Andrews. Manager Cummings promises to produce a fine line of comedies, and says that he has a stronger company than last season. The theater has been newly decorated.

The Grand Opera House has also renewed its interior during the summer, and will quite surprise its patrons when it opens on Monday evening, August 23. I understand that Ward & Vokes, the eccentric comedians, will appear at the Grand for the two weeks of the Industrial Exhibition.

Wilkes Steward, the young actor who so gallantly rescued Marion Robertson from drowning at the Island a few weeks ago, is to be publicly presented with the Royal Canadian Humane Society's special medal. Mayor Shaw has been asked to make the presentation. Mr. Steward is well known in Toronto and quite an interest in his rescue of the girl. A benefit concert is being arranged for him at the Pavilion on the evening of August 25, when the medal will be presented. It has been proposed that the city should give him a purse.

Last week Inna Kiralfy opened the Madison Square Garden in New York with a stupendous naval show, representing the recent engagements at Manila and Santiago. The properties cost \$200,000. We shall have to suffer a great deal in our theatrical pleasures because of the war, and if we don't cheer all the clap trap that is sprung on us we shall be accused of hating or envying the people of the United States. It is painfully evident already that the whole theatrical outlook for the season is very "bluggy." There seems very little new in sight but war dramas and naval spectacles.

W. S. Gilbert, the English dramatist, was at luncheon not long ago in a country hotel, when he found himself in company with three cycling clerics, by whom he was drawn into conversation. When they discovered who he was, one of the party asked Mr. Gilbert how he felt "in such a grave and reverend company." "I feel," said Mr. Gilbert, "like a lion in a den of Danials."

Mme. Albani has been making a tour through South Africa and is delighted with the country. When she visited the De Beers Compound at Kimberley

recently, three thousand Zulus danced and sang for her.

Anthony Hope lost no time, but at once began the dramatization of Rupert of Hentzau on its publication. "They say" that he wrote it with a view to the stage, and certainly some of its situations are stagey.

Robert Mantell has only gone in for vaudeville during the vacation, and will go on the road again when the season opens.

De Wolf Hopper is rehearsing the Charlatan at the Knickerbocker theater, New York.

Ralph Cummings is to play the season in Cleveland.

Sporting Comment.

HE crowd that witnessed the defeat of the Toronto Capitals last Saturday at Rosedale, 6-3, was a regular old-timer. Standing room in the stands was at a premium. It was the climax of the enthusiasm engendered by the team's recent victories over Cornwall and Shamrocks. The whole crowd were trusting confident that Toronto would win. Many had not followed lacrosse before except for the last two games, and their faith in the home team was as that of a child's in his dad. It was a surprise to the Toronto to win. It was the duty of the Toronto to win. They could at one game have completely turned lacrosse from being the neglected game it has been in Toronto, into the best supported sport of the whole schedule. All that was necessary was that they should win. That they didn't, however, is not so much a fault of their own as of the Capitals. The Capitals played a better game than the Toronto. They covered their checks better, got away when necessary from the same troublesome gentlemen with greater facility, passed surer and shot on—and through—goal more frequently. It can't be said that the individual players of the Capitals were better than the Toronto taking the men all through. The Toronto always seemed, individually, to hold their end up. But it always looked as if, when a Toronto man had the ball, he had greater difficulties to contend with—as if circumstances were against him. But that is the subtle difference in the merits of two well

matched teams. The better one is the luckier. In watching the fluctuations of play from one end of the field to the other one got the impression of a man with infinite care and great labor slowly rolling a stone up an incline. Always near the top it escaped from him and rolled down to the foot of the hill again. The Toronto would work the ball slowly up to the Capital end. Then when toying it around for a chance to shoot, a muff or a wild throw or a clever check on the part of a Capital defence man would lose the ball, and back it would come to the Toronto end as if it knew its way and liked to come. The Capitals seemed to get the ball, once it was in their possession, into the enemy's territory with more expedition and less effort. It may be that the Toronto didn't check as closely as the Capitals, or that the Capitals played a more straightforward, practical combination, but the ball looked to be rolling downhill when traveling in Archie Allan's direction. This match puts Toronto out of the race for the championship. The team has done much better this season than for years and ought to feel encouraged to keep together and renew the battle next summer. The team has beaten every other in the league except the Caps. Let it be their ruling ambition this winter to keep a rod in pickle for the Ottawa club's benefit next season. It is taking Toronto a long time, and we're all getting old but there are those who expect to see it done.

In the C. L. A. senior series we have had some excellent lacrosse this year, and although thirteen matches have been played, and but seven more are to take place, yet four of the five teams are still possible champions. There will probably be a large attendance at the Tecumseh Orangeville game at the Island to-day. Here is the present standing of the teams:

	Won	Lost	Play
Orangeville	4	1	3
Tecumseh	3	2	2
St. Catharines	3	3	2
Tecumseh-Kims	2	3	1
Georgetown	1	3	2

Two protests have been entered, and possibly these may materially change the standing of the clubs.

The great Citizens' Regatta was brought to a close on Saturday by the yacht-racing events. The Toronto bay had seen more first-class sport when the Merrythought, Vreda and the others caught their moorings after the day was over than it had ever known to be compressed into a week before. It had seen close finishes and hard won victories for six consecutive days. It had seen many of the fastest keels—rowing, paddling and sailing—that have been witnessed by any sheet of water on the continent. It had seen an eight-oared race for the first time—the style of race that causes so much interest in England and the United States and to which, when they come off in those countries, the newspapers of this country devote columns of space. It saw the pick of the Canadian oarsmen and the champion amateur single sculler of the world contend. It saw canoes from the St. Lawrence competing with the canoes of Lake Ontario and westerners. It saw swimming races which are a novelty in Toronto. It saw one of the largest and fastest fleets of racing yachts that ever got together on the bay. It saw these things and many more of equal interest and aquatic importance. It failed to see, however, the fleets of crowded excursion boats, the thronged shores and wharves, the host of small craft clustered about the finishing lines and clinging to the booms. In short, it failed to see the spectators. As far as sport was concerned the regatta was a huge success, but as regards spectators it was a painful severe frost. The regatta was supposed to bring to Toronto crowds from all over Canada, the United States, even the world. I don't know why it was expected to do so, unless that the regatta was as good a thing of its kind as America could produce. But it is vain to expect people to come to see anything unless they are informed about it. There were plenty of people right in the city who were unaware that such an affair was taking place. Two Toronto men were in the Walker House and one of them pointed to some men with badges on. "Who are these people?" he asked. "What's going on?" The badges had the word "Vesper" printed on them. The other thought a moment and then remembered that "Vesper" was the name of a boating-club, so he thought again and remembered that the Citizens' Regatta was in full progress. He said so, and the other replied, "Oh, yes." An affair of this kind should be thoroughly advertised at home as well as abroad. The regatta to have had the attendance it deserved should have been in the mind of everybody. It should have been the sensation of the city like the Exhibition.

If we had attracted an influx of visitors, however, where could they have found accommodation to witness the races? The bay is not like a river where spectators can line the banks. The three big club-houses could hold but comparatively few. Steamers are awkward grand-stands, as everybody naturally crowds to the one rail. It is just as well, perhaps, that the expected crowds failed to materialize or there might have been some hard times said of Toronto as a scene for a regatta. The only place that I can see to put people in view of the races would be along the reclaimed lands extending from the R.C.Y.C. club house to the Waterworks. This place is not very presentable at present, but it could be made so if necessary on some future occasion, and grand-stands could even be built if it was thought that the attendance would warrant it.

The American Canoe Association's annual camp is this year established on Stave Island in the St. Lawrence. Mr. Archibald and the Mab of Toronto are as of yore distinguishing themselves. On Monday the Mab won a race in which there were six starters. As the races at the A.C.A. camp are entered into by the best paddlers and sailors of the association which embraces the United States and Canada, it would seem that the Mab, with Mr. Archibald perched out to windward, is still the fastest boat of the type in America.

At time of writing the result of the races for the half-cup is not decided. The Challenger seems to be a much faster boat than the other Yankee half-racers who have tried to regain the cup. She has run the Dominion very close in two races, and the Dominion is reckoned much faster than Glencairn II. The Dominion, after all, it seems, is a regular catamaran. On a close haul she lifts one hull free from the water and skates along like a certain type of ice-boat. It is thus that she is at her best. On a free run with both hulls

in the water she is slower than the Challenger. She gains enough in going to windward, however, to win by a few seconds—that is, she has done so up to time of writing. Though the protest was disallowed it seems a pity that Mr. Duggan entered the freak boat instead of the Speculator, his other eligible. It were almost better to lose the cup than to allow any dissatisfaction in the way or in the boat by which it was won. There may be no doubt that the ordinary style of hull is preferable for general purposes to the catamaran. It is a better cruising boat, and naturally the ordinary style of hull could hold more. There is no sense in developing boats that are racing machines merely. The value of these contests is in bringing out the subtle points of speed, in the lines, build and so forth, of the ordinary practical boat and eliminating defects, and if race freaks and monstrosities are introduced into the contest there is no saying where the thing will end. We will lose a good deal more than the cup is worth if our Yankee friends decline to compete again next year on account of the freaky style of the defending boat.

The secretary of the Canadian Cricket Association, Mr. John E. Hall, has been notified by three of the men chosen to play in the international match that they cannot play—Messrs. McGivern, Boyd and Wadsworth. This probably means that three of the four spare men will be required to go as substitutes, but it is seriously questioned whether three of these men can be induced to go now, although if chosen in the first place to play, instead of being advertised as sorry substitutes, they might have gone. The men who come forward and fill up the gaps deserve present thanks and future consideration. Messrs. McGivern, Boyd and Wadsworth were not taken by surprise in being chosen to play in the match; they have played before, and were repeatedly named in the newspapers as men who would probably be chosen again. The committee that selected the team was made up of representatives of the various clubs in the Association, and the two clubs to which these players belong were represented at the meeting. It is surely a lack of courtesy to the Association, and a positive injustice to other players, to allow men to be chosen who will decline to play. Messrs. Lyon and Gillespie would have been chosen also, but they notified the Association that they would not be available, which was emphatically the proper course to take. Two of the three men who have dropped out are bowlers, and the third also bowls well. The team has thus been greatly weakened in its trundling. If Mr. Fritz Martin will go he will repair the loss to some extent, but it might be well for the Association to make a special effort to induce Mr. Lyon or Mr. Gillespie, or both of them, to come forward, like the true sportsmen they are, and relieve the difficulty. Perhaps it would be somewhat unusual to go outside the spare men if they stand ready to fill the vacancies, but it is very unlikely that as many as three of them would come forward if called upon.

Here are the batting averages in first-class English cricket up to August 1, there being twenty-one men with averages of 35 or over:

	No. Times	Most	of not	Total	Aver.
	Inns.	Out.	Runs.	Inns.	
Abel	28	3	1284	118	31.76
Shrewsbury (A.)	24	3	965	101	26.78
F. S. Jackson	38	3	1323	199	19.60
Storer (W.)	28	3	1194	109	17.78
Quaife (W. G.)	17	3	967	130	17.64
A. E. Stoddart	18	2	791	137	17.46
J. R. Mason	21	1	1045	152	15.43
Dr. W. G. Grace	27	1	1033	168	14.94
Gunn (W.)	24	3	918	159	15.71
C. B. Fry	22	2	890	125	14.35
C. L. Townsend	22	0	869	159	10.30
C. J. Harrop	26	3	912	131	31.65
L. C. H. Palairet	18	2	628	179	39.25
C. McGahay	25	2	809	145	38.62
Brookwell	29	2	1027	135	38.63
Tunnicliffe	32	3	1072	108	36.96
Holland (Surrey)	18	1	627	126	36.88
Hayward	21	1	735	128	36.75
C. O. H. Sewell	25	2	835	111	36.30
Tyldesley	35	0	1241	96	35.45
Lord Hawke	24	0	631	107	35.65

*Signifies not out.

THE names of Mr. M. McLaughlin, President of the Rosedale Club, and Mr. Gordon McKenzie of the Toronto Club, will be remembered long and gratefully by golfers who visit Tadousac, Que. A week or two ago Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin stopped off at this charming place on their way up from Quebec, and to their disappointment found no golf links anywhere in the neighborhood. There were a number of golfers stopping at the hotel, however, among them the Misses Bethune and Mr. Gordon McKenzie of Toronto, Rev. Mr. Williams of Montreal, and a number of visitors from the land of Old Glory. Admiration of the beautiful scenery occupied Mr. McLaughlin's attention the first day of his arrival, and on the second he started out to explore the surrounding country, having in view the possibilities of the Royal and Ancient game. He discovered attached to the hotel grounds a good wide stretch of splendid sandy turf, with ditches and fences and several other difficulties all ready made for hazards. His enthusiasm was contagious and very quickly spread to the other visitors, and in forty-eight hours the men had laid out a course, the ladies had made the flags, and Tadousac boasted a golf links. It was only a six-hole course, and the greens were naturally not as smooth and level as a billiard-table, but the first steps were taken, and Mr. McLaughlin came away a week later carrying with him the hearty assurance of the hotel proprietor that the new links would be kept in good order, and in time enlarged to a regular-sized course.

It is a case of Roman meet Roman at Murray Bay just now. Miss Ethel White is stopping there for the summer, and has a rival light on the links, a splendid little player—a prodigy somebody called her—from Cincinnati, who has very nearly played up to the men's record of 82 for the eighteen holes. Her score is 91. Murray Bay is fortunate in having two such players, one to represent each country.

A. W. Smith and Stewart Gordon had their revenge last Saturday. In the return match—four some—against George Lyon and Vere Brown on the Toronto links, they won by four up and two to play.

Miss Harriet Scott left for Muskoka on Wednesday, where she will join some friends for a visit of some weeks.

Miss Rose Davidson is at Cacouna, where it is hoped she will quite recover from an attack of la grippe, from which she suffered in the spring, and which affected to some extent her play on the links this summer. She ranks next, if not equal, to Mrs. Vere Brown as a driver, and is one of Rosedale's best players. She tees her ball with very little preliminary fuss, and with her eye steadily on the ball brings down her club with a quick, full swing. Her movements are very lithe, and her whole style natural and unaffected.

The annual tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake will be held at the end of the first week in September. A programme of the events and a sketch of the clubhouse recently acquired for temporary use will be given next week. The club, the membership of which is steadily increasing, has leased a beautiful piece of ground not very far from the first hole, and is preparing to build a most up-to-date clubhouse, which will not be finished this

year with P. F. Warner's English cricket team, held twelfth place in the English first-class averages on the first of August. Not only does he come out with Mr. Warner, but afterwards goes with Lord Hawke's team to the West Indies. A London paper describes him as "one of the smallest men playing, and, at the same time, one of the pluckiest little players in England." This year he has changed his style of batting entirely, is now very cautious, seldom lets out at anything, but has managed in twenty-six innings to put up an average of 39.65.

C. B. Fry, who was in Canada with the Cambridge-Oxford team a few years ago, has a batting average of 43.71, and a couple of weeks ago playing for his county against Middlesex at Brighton, made a century in each innings of the same match. Few have done this—W. G. Grace, Stoddart, Prince Ranjitsinhji, Mr. Brann, Mr. McLaren, Storer, Tyldesley, and now Mr. Fry. Derbyshire playing against Hampshire scored 645 runs, no less than four men making centuries—L. G. Wright, G. Davidson, Storer and Chatterton. Playing for Notts against Surrey, W. Gunn made the record score of the season, 230 not out. On the same day that Gunn was making this score W. G. Grace was carefully limiting himself to 93, and when he had made that number declared his innings closed. He had never made exactly 93 before, and has now played innings for scores all the way from 0 to 100 without missing a number. This is another record for W. G.

THE UMPIRE.

On the Links.

THE names of Mr. M. McLaughlin, President of the Rosedale Club, and Mr. Gordon McKenzie of the Toronto Club, will be remembered long and gratefully by golfers who visit Tadousac, Que. A week or two ago Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin stopped off at this charming place on their way up from Quebec, and to their disappointment found no golf links anywhere in the neighborhood. There were a number of golfers stopping at the hotel, however, among them the Misses Bethune and Mr. Gordon McKenzie of Toronto, Rev. Mr. Williams of Montreal, and a number of visitors from the land of Old Glory. Admiration of the beautiful scenery occupied Mr. McLaughlin's attention the first day of his arrival, and on the second he started out to explore the surrounding country, having in view the possibilities of the Royal and Ancient game. He discovered attached to the hotel grounds a good wide stretch of splendid sandy turf, with ditches and fences and several other difficulties all ready made for hazards. His enthusiasm was contagious and very quickly spread to the other visitors, and in forty-eight hours the men had laid out a course, the ladies had made the flags, and Tadousac boasted a golf links. It was only a six-hole course, and the greens were naturally not as smooth and level as a billiard-table, but the first steps were taken, and Mr. McLaughlin came away a week later carrying with him the hearty assurance of the hotel proprietor that the new links would be kept in good order, and in time enlarged to a regular-sized course.

It is a case of Roman meet Roman at Murray Bay just now. Miss Ethel White is stopping there for the summer, and has

a rival light on the links, a splendid little player—a prodigy somebody called her—from Cincinnati, who has very nearly played up to the men's record of 82 for the eighteen holes. Her score is 91. Murray Bay is fortunate in having two such players, one to represent each country.

A. W. Smith and Stewart Gordon had their revenge last Saturday. In the return match—four some—against George Lyon and Vere Brown on the Toronto links, they won by four up and two to play.

Miss Harriet Scott left for Muskoka on Wednesday, where she will join some friends for a visit of some weeks.

Miss Rose Davidson is at Cacouna, where it is hoped she will quite recover from an attack of la grippe, from which she suffered in the spring, and which affected to some extent her play on the links this summer. She ranks next, if not equal, to Mrs. Vere Brown as a driver, and is one of Rosedale's best players. She tees her ball with very little preliminary fuss, and with her eye steadily on the ball brings down her club with a quick, full swing. Her movements are very lithe, and her whole style natural and unaffected.

The annual tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake will be held at the end of the first week in September. A programme of the events and a sketch of the clubhouse recently acquired for temporary use will be given next week. The club, the membership of which is steadily increasing, has leased a beautiful piece of ground not very far from the first hole, and is preparing to build a most up-to-date clubhouse, which will not be finished this

season, although it will be under way by the autumn. Meantime, permission has been obtained from the Government to use the Officers' Quarters, which is being comfortably furnished and fitted up, with a competent steward in charge. The tournament promises to be a very successful one this year. Among those who are always present to represent Rochester are: G. T. Curtis, C. B. Hudson, J. Craig Powers, J. G. Averell, J. P. Bowman and W. B. Lee, all of whom were so successful in the July tournament of the Central New York Golf League.

The following are the principal events in the East that will attract the attention of golfers during the next two months:

August 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, open tournament at Saratoga Golf Club. M. Shoemaker, secretary.
August 23, 24, 25, 26, open tournament at the Stockbridge Golf Club.
September 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, annual open tournament of the Golf Club of Lenox. John E. Alexander, secretary.
September 8, 9, 10, open tournament of the Baiter Golf Club. Louis Keller, secretary.
September 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, amateur championship of United States at Morris County.
September 22, 23, 24, invitation tournament at the North Jersey Country Club.
September 26 to 30, amateur championship of Canada, at Toronto.
September 29, 30 and October 1, open tournament at the Tuxedo Golf Club.
September 29, 30 and October 1, invitation tournament at the Westbrook Golf Club.
October 1, international match, United States vs. Canada, at Toronto.
September 30, interprovincial match at Toronto.

Apocryph of Sunday golf, the Cleveland Plain Dealer (so Golf tells us) is made the medium for some very dry letters on the subject, which is much vexing the good people of that enlightened city. The solution offered by one prominent minister in a large Western city showed considerable courage. He offered, so the secretary says, to play golf himself on Sunday afternoon if he might hold a service in the clubhouse in the morning. His offer was accepted, but we haven't heard yet how many were present, or whether his scheme was a successful one. If so, the idea may spread to Toronto, where the links are seldom deserted on a Sunday.

Several clubs in the United States have adopted the idea of an annual competition for caddies, and have found it most advantageous in improving the play of the boys and arousing in them an added interest in the game. Usually a caddy might as well be a post walking along with the clubs. Instead of being a useful appendage ready and qualified to give hints or information if asked, he is a mere machine. As usual, the quick-witted Yankees are endeavoring to make the wrong a right, and turn the little chaps into useful followers with an intelligent knowledge of the game in which they are forced to take such an active part.

HAZARD.

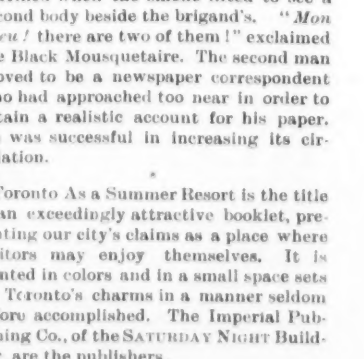
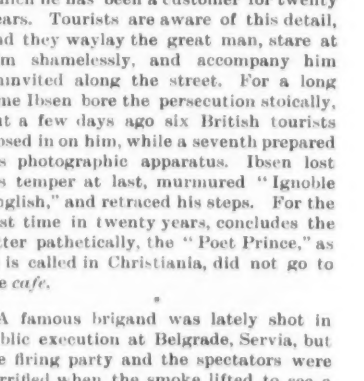
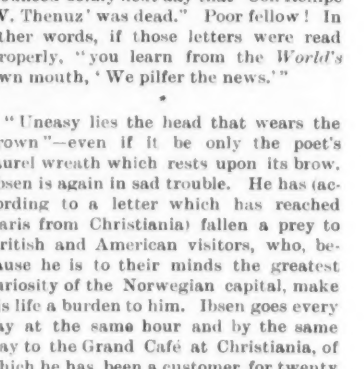
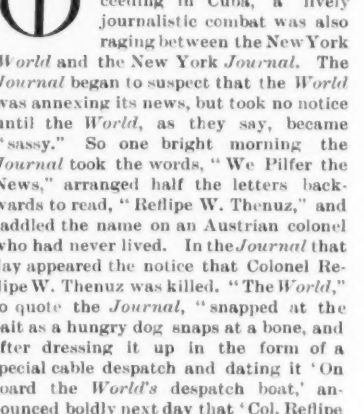
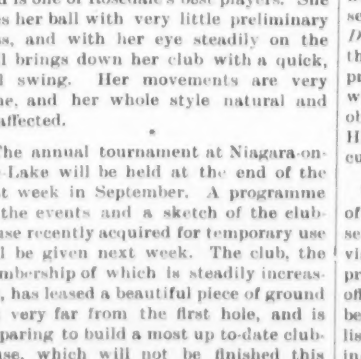
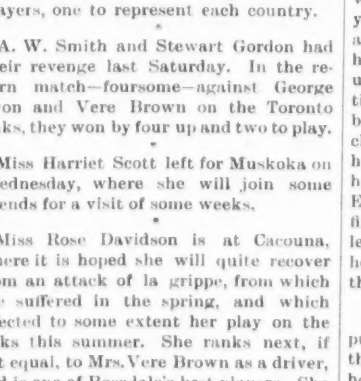
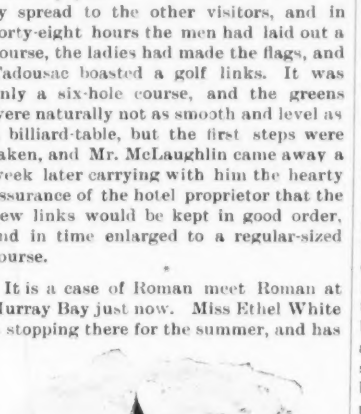
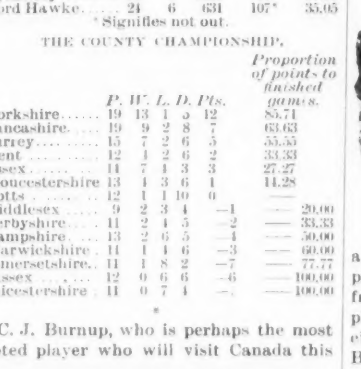
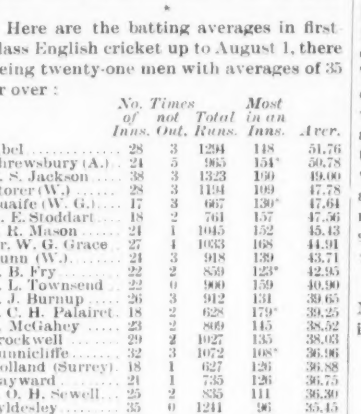
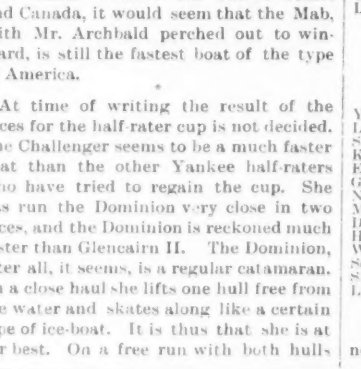
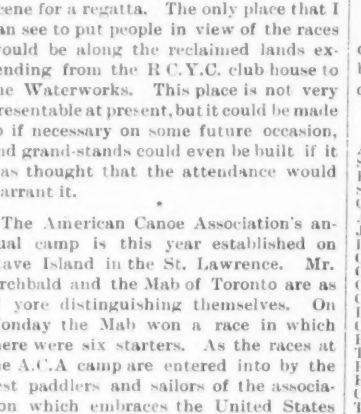
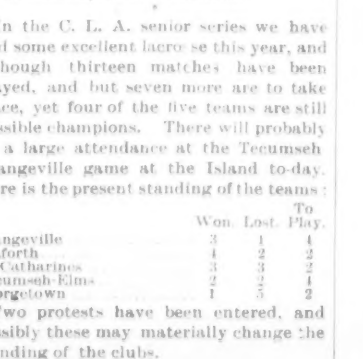
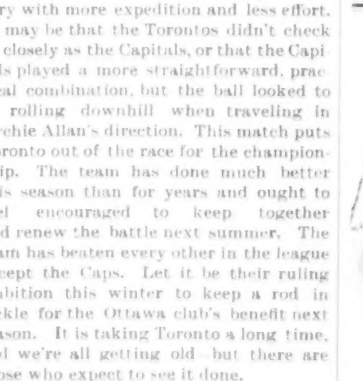
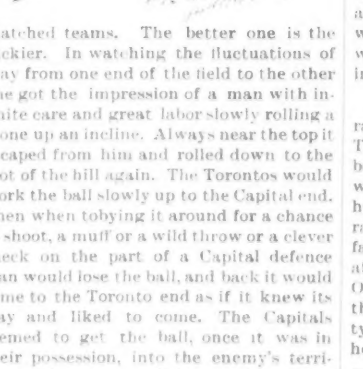
Books and Shop Talk.

WHILE actual warfare was proceeding in Cuba, a lively journalistic combat was also raging between the New York World and the New York Journal. The Journal began to suspect that the World was annexing its news, but took no notice until the World, as they say, became "sassy." So one bright morning the Journal took the words, "We Pilfer the News," arranged half the letters backwards to read, "Refilpe W. Thenuz," and saddled the name on an Austrian colonel who had never lived. In the Journal that day appeared the notice that Colonel Refilpe W. Thenuz was killed. "The World," to quote the Journal, "snapped at the bait as a hungry dog snaps at a bone, and after dressing it up in the form of a special cable despatch and dating it 'On board the World's despatch boat,' announced boldly next day that 'Col. Refilpe W. Thenuz was dead.' Poor fellow! In other words, if those letters were read properly, 'you learn from the World's own mouth, 'We pilfer the news.'"

"Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown"—even if it be only the poet's laurel wreath which rests upon its brow. Ibsen is again in sad trouble. He has (according to a letter which has reached Paris from Christiania) fallen a prey to British and American visitors, who, because he is to their minds the greatest curiosity of the Norwegian capital, make his life a burden to him. Ibsen goes every day at the same hour and by the same way to the Grand Café at Christiania, of which he has been a customer for twenty years. Tourists are aware of this detail, and they waylay the great man, stare at him shamelessly, and accompany him uninvited along the street. For a long time Ibsen bore the persecution stoically, but a few days ago six British tourists closed in on him, while a seventh prepared his photographic apparatus. Ibsen lost his temper at last, murmured "Ignoble English," and retraced his steps. For the first time in twenty years, concludes the letter pathetically, the "Poet Prince," as he is called in Christiania, did not go to the café.

A famous brigand was lately shot in public execution at Belgrade, Serbia, but the firing party and the spectators were horrified when the smoke lifted to see a second body beside the brigand's. "Mon Dieu! there are two of them!" exclaimed the Black Mousquetaire. The second man proved to be a newspaper correspondent who had approached too near in order to obtain a realistic account for his paper. He was successful in increasing its circulation.

Toronto As a Summer Resort is the title of an exceedingly attractive booklet, presenting our city's claims as a place where visitors may enjoy themselves. It is printed in colors and in a small space sets off Toronto's charms in a manner seldom before accomplished. The Imperial Publishing Co., of the SATURDAY NIGHT Building, are the publishers.



A True Fish Story.

IN the Pacific ocean, about thirty miles from the Californian coast, lies Santa Catalina, an island of twenty-two miles in length, abounding in lofty mountains, deep gorges, stupendous rock cliffs and beautiful bays. Towards the south-easterly end of the island is the little town of Avalon, situated on the bay of the same name, and it is in this neighborhood that there is to be found some of the most phenomenal rod and reel fishing in the world. Wonderful are the waters of Avalon, blue as an Italian sky and almost as transparent as the air itself. Evidently they are appreciated by the finny tribe, for in them the game fish of the Pacific seem to congregate.

Catalina has an Ananias Club, with a proper charter and a long list of members; and some of the stories told at its sessions would make the average Eastern fisherman turn pale and gasp for breath. The club has its recognized emblem, a sort of harp, constructed in a fishy manner, and altogether appropriate. Now, to the uninitiated the connection between this symbol and the gentlemen who fish is not entirely apparent, but when he understands that the other name for this particular style of harp is a lyre, its full meaning will dawn upon him. However, the writer is not a member of the club, and

hooks, which was indeed the case. By three o'clock in the afternoon five other fish had been caught, varying in weight from 120 pounds to 275 pounds, making six in all, with a gross weight of over 1,400 pounds—a pretty good catch for six hours' work.

The meat of the Jew-fish is coarse, and rarely eaten fresh. The best of them are sent to the mainland, where they are cut up, dried and salted, and then sold all over the country—as boneless cod.

But it is the tuna which puts up the best fight. His rushes are terrible, and he often leaps from ten to fifteen feet in the air. The tarpon of Florida waters has a reputation for fierceness, but it has been calculated by those who have had experience with both fish that a 100-pound tuna could tow a 150-pound tarpon and drown it. At Avalon a short time ago a large one was hooked foul, near the tail. He towed the boat miles out to sea, and it took eight hours' hard work to kill him. The tuna has a particular weakness for flying-fish, and his rushes after them are a royal sight. When a school of tunas is chasing the flying-fish, numbers may be seen in the air at the same time—shooting up quickly, turning gracefully, and literally catching their prey on the wing. The tuna is a type of activity, and has been known to leap over the boat of a party fishing for him. He is the acrobat of the sea, and as handsome as he is mighty.



Jew Fish, weight 459 lbs.

it is his purpose to tell what he has witnessed, and to state only facts as he found them.

The principal game fish in these waters are the yellowtail, which resembles the salmon but is a harder fighter; the tuna, in all probability the most active of game fish, and the black sea-bass or Jew-fish. Some say the latter gets its name because of the report that if the hook is baited with a fifty-cent piece it will be snapped up immediately, that is, if there is a Jew-fish within a mile. But in reality the origin of the name may be traced to a peculiar Hebrew cast about the head and mouth.

Both the tuna and Jew-fish are often caught by trolling, without a rod, and in that way many very large ones are hooked and landed. But to have the sport one must use the rod, and a description of a recent catch will show how heavy a fish may be caught on a comparatively light line. With a man to row the boat, the fishing-grounds were reached about nine a.m., and in a short time the first Jew-fish was hooked, which turned out to be a veritable sea monster. As soon as the fish felt himself in the coils, off he bolted, and whizz-ee! went the reel until five hundred feet of line had been paid out. Then it stopped and began to slacken, and the holder of the rod, as fast as he could, reeled in, bending this way and that to preserve the tension sufficient to prevent a sudden break. Now the fish darts from one side to the other, tearing the water into foam and leaving a wake of silvery bubbles. Up he comes to the surface with a rush, seeing more than he wanted or expected. Bizz-zizz goes the reel, and this time he sounds, for the line is almost vertical and the fish is heading for the bottom. But suddenly it slackens! Has he got away? Yes, he's gone. No, not yet, whizz-ee again, and off goes another two hundred feet like a shot out of a gun.

For an hour and ten minutes this was kept up. Quick turns, downward rushes, sturdy blows and lightning runs, fighting inch by inch, and when he was brought to the gaff the fisherman was nearly as much exhausted as his prey. This particular fish weighed 327 pounds, the largest ever caught here on a rod, and probably the largest ever landed anywhere in the same manner.

Shortly after his majesty had been taken aboard each of the two fishermen found he had hooked another. Simultaneously the lines ran out and stopped, and soon they concluded, as their experiences were identical, that the one fish had swallowed both

At Catalina, by means of glass-bottomed boats, they have a pleasant way of demonstrating that there are "as good fish in the sea as ever were caught." It is told of a maiden lady, whose age was dangerously near the marriageable limit, that a friend one day tried to console her with this dust-covered adage. The lady sighed gently and confessed that she believed there were as good fish as ever, but that they didn't bite like they used to. Here at Avalon there are daily evidences that they never bit better.

Through the invisible bottom of one of these boats one may gaze down into a hundred feet of transparency, down into nature's vast aquarium and marine gardens, and watch the denizens of the ocean in their own homes. So marvelously clear is the water that one may distinguish the smallest object at a great depth. As the boat moves easily along we can see vast forests of gorgeous kelp, with water diamonds sparkling on their leaves, and



The Club Emblem.

constantly swaying to and fro by the action of the currents. Here are emerald weeds and dainty sea-ferns and mosses; there are jagged rocks, multi-colored pebbles and odd-looking shells. And in and out among them all are a myriad of fishes—blue, brown, gold and flaming red, darting here and there, or lolling along lazily, just as we see men and women on the streets of any city. Look, there are a couple of lobsters sunning themselves on the top of a rock, with fifty feet of water above them. That queer-looking thing hiding near them is a sea-urchin. These are an octopus groping along with its creepy-looking feelers, and yonder is a large jelly-fish drifting peacefully with the tide. But what is the cause of the

commotion among that school of mackerel? They act like boys running away from a policeman. Yes, there is a policeman. See, here he comes in the shape of a big, swift-moving yellowtail that has an appetite for a mackerel dinner. What a world of wonders is down there; what kaleidoscopic colorings and what life and commotion! But noise is banished and stillness reigns, for all we can hear is the lapping of the waves against the sides of the boat we are sitting in.

S. M. KENNEDY.
Los Angeles, Cal., August, '98.

The Faults of Husbands.

"I WAS quite charmed with Mrs. Smith," said the Giggling Man to the Grim Woman, as they sat for half an hour enduring each other's company in the parlor of the boarding-house, where these and other stray specimens are collected.

"Ugh!" enquired the Grim Woman. "Were you, indeed? And why?" "She is altogether charming."

"But quite without sense."

"I did not think so."

"You would scarcely notice it," said she severely.

"I accompanied her to the depot," he chirruped, "and was delighted with her vivacity and charming manner. I thought her simply delicious, don't you know. She said some very bright things, I assure you. Her husband, you know, did not drive down, but was to join her there, and when it was almost train time and he had not arrived, she said—"

"Are you quite sure you should repeat what she said to you?" demanded the Grim Woman.

"Oh, it was quite proper—quite—oh, dear me, I do assure you—really," giggled the Giggling Man.

"No hysterics, please. Go on."

"Her husband had not arrived, you know," he resumed, "and the train was due to leave in two minutes. 'Dear me,' said I, 'why does he not come? It is most provoking. You will miss the train.' 'Not at all,' said she. 'He will be here. He is never ahead of time and never behind.' Sure enough, in he came and they caught the train without the least fluster. I was all excitement, but she had such confidence in him that she sauntered along beside him as if the train was not due to depart for an hour. I think she is a very charming and collected woman, really."

"You expected her to scream, and ask over and over again what time the train left, and send you off to see if her husband were anywhere in sight, I suppose?"

"That is the usual way," he giggled.

"Not with the wives of such men as Mr. Smith," replied the Grim Woman. "He inspires confidence. He is a precise, calm, punctual and strong man, and his wife lives within his sphere of influence. He neither misses a train by being too late nor loads about consulting his watch making his wife fear that the train is not going to go. The credit is entirely his, and his little snip of a wife doesn't half understand what a jewel he is."

"But really," said the Giggling Man, "I fancy that some wives would never observe that their husbands were more punctual than anybody else."

"Some wives get no chance to observe strong qualities in their husbands," replied the Grim Woman. "Men often rush in at the last minute, grab their handbags, set the children running, catch a panic, catch the train, and then berate their wives for having been uneasy."

"Never missed a train in my life," they say. Such men don't deceive their wives in the least. The women know that such men are not to be relied on—that they are weak, and will always have some excuse and never be in fault. Men like Mr. Smith never make excuses. If he says that he will be home at a quarter past eleven at night, he enters the door at that moment. He makes few promises and breaks none of them. If his wife goes to a summer resort and he tells her that he'll join her on the 11th of next month on the 3.15 p.m. train, she meets that train and he steps off it. Your ordinary man doesn't. He joins her on the 9th, or the 11th, or can't get away until the 18th, or he goes up on the evening of the 13th—he never does exactly what he says, but notifies her of a change in his plans, perhaps he changes them two or three times. Can a woman depend on such a man if they are going away on a train together and he is not there five minutes before time? Not at all. She knows that he is blown about by every breath of wind, and she—"

"Bless me, though, what a cold-blooded fellow you make Smith out to be," said the Giggling Man. "If he promises to join his wife at a summer resort on the 11th of next month, and finds out, later on, that he can get away on the 9th, do you mean to say that he'll just wait around and not go until the 11th merely because he had said he would go on that day?"

"Tut," said the Grim Woman. "A man of strong character knows before he promises. If there was any chance of getting away on the 9th he would have enquired into it and known all about it before he promised. Being a strong character in a world where ninety-nine men out of every hundred should wear petticoats, he's sufficiently master of himself not to flout out by some mere chance that he can get away on the 9th, when he thought he couldn't go until the 11th. Such a man as Smith controls his own affairs, I tell you, even if he's junior clerk in the biggest office in the city. No one ever trifles with him or shuffles him hither and thither."

"It's all very well to talk so, but what can a fellow do when the chief calls him in?"

"The chief doesn't call Mr. Smith in. He calls in one of the others," interrupted the Grim Woman. "If you are on the premises he calls you in."

"You are in a delightful humor," he giggled, rising and rushing over to the window.

"I'm not. I'm in a nasty humor. Let me tell you this, though. Most men show their weakest sides to their wives. Men



The patriotic American's Lawn Sprinkler.

who are punctual and strong in business disappoint and aggravate their wives every day by forgetting little things or by being late or early in getting home. They telephone at the last minute upsetting plans that were made at the breakfast table. These men simply destroy themselves. I've seen it time and time again. Must you go?"

"Really I must. Here are the girls waiting for me. Oh, dear, this hot weather is so destructive of one's linen, is it not?"

The Grim Woman followed him with her eyes as he fluttered down the front steps and said: "Yes, it must be hard on linen collars—you should use ribbon about your neck like those other girls."

MACK.

Dooley on the Cubans.

Chicago Journal.

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "dam thin Cubans. If I was Gin'ral Shafter I'd back up th' wagon in front iv th' dure an' I say to Gin'ral Garshy, 'I want you, an' I'd hav thim all down at th' station an' decently booked be th' desk sergeant before th' fall iv night. Th' impudence iv them!'"

"What have they been doin'?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Fallin' to understand our civilization," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye see, it was this way. This is th' way it was. Gin'ral Garshy with wan hundred thousand men's been fightin' bravely fr two years fr to liberate Cuba. Fr two years he's been marchin' his sixty-five thousand men up an' down th' island destroyin' th' haughty Spanyard be the millions. Whin war was declared he offered his own service an' th' services iv th' army iv fifty thousand men to th' United States, an' while waitin' fr ships to arrive he marched at the head iv his tin thousand men down to Sandago de Cuba an' captured a cigar factory, which they soon rayjocced to smokin' ruins. They was holdin' this position—Gin'ral Garshy an' his gallant wan thousand men—whin Gin'ral Shafter arrived. Gin'ral Garshy immediately offered th' services iv himself an' his two hundred men fr th' capture iv Sandago, an' whin Gin'ral Shafter arrived there was Gin'ral Garshy with his gallant band iv fifty Cubans r-ready to eat at a minyit's notice."

"Gin'ral Shafter is a big, coarse, two-disted man fr'm Michigan, and whin he see Gin'ral Garshy an' his twenty-five gallant followers, 'Front,' says he. 'This way,' he says, 'step lively,' he says, 'an' move some iv these things,' he says. 'Sir,' says Gin'ral Garshy, 'd'ye take me fr a dhry?' he says. 'I'm a sojer,' he says, 'not a baggage car,' he says. 'I'm a Cuban pathrite an' I'd lay down me life an' th' lives iv iv'ry wan iv th' eighteen brave men iv me devoted army,' he says, 'but I'll be dam'd if I carry a thrunk,' he says. 'I'll fight whinver 'tis cool,' he says, 'an' they ain't wan iv these twelve men here that wudn't follow me to hell if they was awake at th' time,' he says, 'but,' he says, 'if it 'twas wurruk we were lookin' fr we cud have found it long ago,' he says. 'They're a lot iv it in this country that nobody's usin',' he says. 'What we want,' he says, 'is freedom,' he says, 'an' if ye think we have been in th' woods doggin' th' savage correspondint fr two year, he says, 'fr th' sake iv rushin' ye laundry home,' he says, 'tis no wonder,' he says, 'that th' roads fr'm Marinette to Kalamazoo is paved with gold bricks brought be th' people iv yer native state,' he says. 'So Shafter had to carry his own thrunk an' well it was fr him that it wasn't Gin'ral Miles, th' weather bein' hot. An' Shafter was mad clear through, an' whin he took hold iv Sandago an' was sendin' out invitations he scratched Garshy. Garshy took his gallant band iv six back to th' woods an' there three iv thim ar-re now, ar-rud with forty rounds iv canned lobster an' ready to r-rayst to th' death. Him an' th' other man has writen to Gin'ral Shafter to tell him what they think iv him, an' it don't take long."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "I think Shafter done wrong. He might've asked Garshy in fr to see th' show, seen' th' he's been hangin' ar-round fr a long time, doin' th' best he cud."

"It isn't that," explained Mr. Dooley. "Th' trouble is th' Cubans don't understand our civilization. Over here freedom means hard wurruk. What is th' ambition iv all iv us, Hinnessy? 'Tis ayether to hold our job or to get wan. We want wurruk. We must have it. D'ye raymber th' sign th' mool carried in th' procession las' year, 'Give us wurruk or we perish,' it said. They had their heads bate in be polismen because no philanthropist'd come along an' make thim shovel coal. Now,

in Cuba, whin th' mobs turns out they carry a banner with th' wurruks, 'Give us nawthin to do or we perish.' Whin a Cuban comes home at night with a happy smile on his face he don't say to his wife an' childer, 'Thank Gawd, I've got wurruk at last.' He says, 'Thank Gawd, I've been fired.' An' th' childer go out an' they say, 'Pah-pah has lost his job,' an' Mrs. Cuban buys herself a new bonnet, an' where wast there was sorrow an' despair all is happiness and a cottage organ."

"Ye can't make people here understand that, an' ye can't make a Cuban understand that freedom means th' same thing as a pinitinchy sintince. Whin we thry to get him to wurruk he'll say, 'Why shud I? I haven't committed anny crime.' That's a goin' to be th' trouble. Th' first thing we know we'll have another war in Cuba whin we begin distributin' good jobs, twelve hours a day, wan sivity-five. Th' Cubans ain't civilized in our way. I sometimes think I've got a touch iv Cuban blood in me own veins."

The Humors of the War in Cuba.

WE have heard a great deal of the horrors of the war, but its humors, equally grim and perhaps more eloquent, have been somewhat neglected. To begin with there is something irresistibly Pecksniffian in the avowed attitude of the United States. It is typical of the national genius for *reclame* that the present struggle has been advertised as a holy war; it is a holy war in the same sense that a Sunday performance at a music hall is a sacred concert. The "God bless you's" which were exchanged after recent victories smell to heaven—but not with the "odor of sanctity."

One or two journals of the iconoclastic variety, animated with the laudable desire apparently to shame the devil of deceit, have boldly said, "We are not in this business for our health, but for profit." They might very fittingly have added "for revenge." Have we not been told with every variety of type and diction that even the soda crackers for the army are inscribed "Remember the Maine?" Are we to believe, then, that their cannon are dedicated to the glory of God—that their torpedoes bear a message of "peace and goodwill to men?" People who have never been in Cuba, who have never known intimately these people, who know it only through the lurid page of the special correspondent, know little of the enormous natural wealth of the country. The United States is not going to convert the country into a beneficent "industrial home" for the Cubans. Not at all; it is going to develop the natural resources of Cuba with the funds of United States citizens, and to them shall be the honor, and glory, and, incidentally, the profits. Already schemes for commercial speculation in Cuba are ripe. Insurance managers are discussing "openings" in Havana. The present war is but a factor in a great mercantile campaign. All this may be right and proper—from time immemorial the flesh-pots have belonged to the biggest dog—but why, oh, why will Columbia persist in passing as the Dorcas among nations?

But Uncle Sam will have some experience and some "powerful wrestlings" to relate at the next camp-meeting of the nations! Your Cuba is not easily reconstructed. You must catch him young, oh, very young indeed—a few generations before birth, in fact—before you can teach him new tricks. There will be a lovely caucus down Cuba way soon, and the language will not be parliamentary. It is truly extraordinary how the Cubans cling to their old habits. A case in point: Up in Connecticut, where clocks, nutmegs, and many articles of "bigotry and virtue" are made of wood, is a certain manufactory where for over a hundred years *machetes* have been made for the Cubans. At the first a certain oil was used in one of the processes of the steel. To this day they *toast the steel* and reject it unhesitatingly if any other oil has been used in the tempering. Again, the handles were first made of horn, which has increased in price of late. With a view to ultimate reduction in price the manufacturer spent two thousand dollars experimenting with celluloids until a perfect imitation was obtained, which in every practical respect, as well as in appearance, was equal to the horn. The shipment was sent to the United States agent in Cuba but he did not pass it on. The representative of the Cubans handled the *machete* a moment uneasily, smelt the handle, pronounced it imitation and refused to take one of them at any price. These are facts, and one manufacturer in Connecticut has grave doubts as to whether Uncle Sam will reconstruct the Cubans or not. We all know the

story of the self-sufficient clergyman from a country town who, at a religious congress, strutted up the aisle expecting to be given a high seat in the synagogue. To his humiliation no one noticed him, so perforce he came back to the door, near which a humble brother from his own town sat. The latter leaned forward and said, "I hope it will be blessed to you, brother!" So we trust will Uncle Sam's "experience."

Nothing has been more curious in this war than the behavior of the war correspondents, supposed to be under military law, to share the glory of the campaign, the rigor of the camp, and its discipline. What do we hear? The unspeakable bathos of Richard Harding Davis bleating about the lack of baths. Baths! Heaven save the mark! It was not the lack of baths that pinched the wan faces of the poor chaps lying wounded before Santiago de Cuba, but the lack of the plainest hospital necessities. Richard Harding Davis' strictures upon General Shafter were such that had that worthy had the spirit of the Matanzas mule he would have deported Mr. Davis from Cuba whilst the band played a quick march. Mr. Davis was glorious to behold in his be-pocked suit of clothes with an aluminum cooking apparatus girded on. It is encouraging to hear that when the Mauser bullets began to sing past, the natural Adam cracked the veneer of his self-sufficiency, the cooking apparatus cast aside and Mr. Davis got a gun. It is pleasant, too, to hear that he gave as good an account of himself with the gun as he previously has with the long bow. Nothing redeems the brutality of battle but martial ardor and war-like dignity. General Shafter seems to be painfully lacking in these respects. His very appearance is farcical to a degree. I am told by one who "was there" that nothing could be more ridiculous than to see the huge, overgrown man panting up the side of a horse of elephantine proportions—indeed, it was one of the sights of camp to see General Shafter mount. The tale of the hammock two miles to the rear does not redound to his credit, nor does the story, whether true or false, of the slapping of his face by a correspondent, who is (I speak from personal observation) one of the most bumptious of a bumptious cult. There is some excuse for a general being shot or stabbed, none for being slapped. His treatment of Garcia and his "ragged army" is utterly indefensible. How hysterical the war news has been with its fulsome "scare-heads," yet how amusing in detail! The Spaniards fought "like devils," the United States men "like heroes"—of course! The United States troops were "brave-hearted boys," the Spanish "tawny-faced fiends," naturally! The following incident was told me by one who vouched for its accuracy. A United States officer lost his orderly in the battle of Santiago; he approached a soldier and told him to consider himself acting as orderly. "To h— with you and be your own orderly," was the polite and respectful reply. The officer took this somewhat pronounced snub and went his way. It is on *dit* in the New York clubs that Hearst made a bet of fifty thousand dollars that he could force the country to war. He probably reflects now, like Frankenstein, that he has raised a devil he cannot lay.

The people of the U.S. auxiliary cruiser St. Louis are presenting themselves with medals commemorative of Santiago de Cuba. This is truly delicious. Puts one in mind of the warriors in Hoyt's farce of *A Milk White Flag*. It sounds like a bit of opera bouffe, but it is true. Gorham has the order.

As Louis Mann says in *The French Maid*, "It is to laugh!"

JEANNE D'ARC.

New York, August, 1898.

His Masterpiece.

"I want a copy of Victor Hugo's masterpiece," said the lady who had entered the book-seller's shop. She expressed herself thus vaguely because she is nervous about her French. "I don't think we have any book of that name," responded the youth behind the counter. "That is not the name of the work. It merely describes it," rejoined the customer. "Published lately, ma'am?" "It was published many years ago. Surely you have Victor Hugo's greatest work?" "I don't know whether we have or not. What's the name of it?" "Lay Mee Say Rabbie," replied the lady desperately. "Oh, you mean *Les Misérables*. Yes'm, we've got it."

Not Needed.

Pick-Me-Up.
Scene: Railway platform, various machines in evidence—"Try your strength," "Try your weight," "Try your height." Little meek-looking man with his big wife passing. He observes: "My dear, we shall soon have one next 'Try your temper.'" She softly replies: "My dear, there will be no need for that whilst you're about."

The Better Way.

Chicago News.
"Say," said the book-keeper, addressing the cashier and winking knowingly at the office-boy, "do you know anything about this new stamp-tax?" "Sure," replied the cashier; "what do you want to know?" "Suppose," continued the book-keeper, "that I wanted to express my opinion, would I have to stamp the express receipt?" "Undoubtedly," answered the cashier; "but if you will allow me, I would suggest that you forward your opinions by mail."

"And why by mail?" asked the autocrat of the ledger.

"Because," replied the cashier, "as they have no weight, it would be much cheaper."

Waggles—He expects business to pick up as soon as the war is over. Jaggles—What business is he in? Waggles—Manufacturing bicycles for one-legged men.—Judge.

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Southampton (London), Bremen
Sail, Aug. 30; Lahn, Sept. 6; Kaiser Win.
der Grosse, Sept. 13; Trave, Sept. 20.
Kaiser Win. der Grosse, largest and fastest
ship in the world.
First saloon, \$100; second saloon, \$80 upward.
New York, Southampton (London), Bremen
Frieder Grosse, Sept. 1; Koenigin Luise, Sept. 15
Barbarossa, Sept. 8; Weimar, Sept. 22
to
MEDITERRANEAN Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa
Fulda, Sept. 3; Aller, Sept. 10; Werra, Sept.
17; Ems, Sept. 24.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

72 Yonge Street, Toronto

NEW AMERICAN LINE

1000 Islands and
Rapids Daily

No smoke, as steamers burn anthracite coal.
Promenade decks. Spacious dining saloon.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

Steamship Agent, 72 Yonge Street, Toronto

AMERICAN LINE

New York—Southampton (London)
Sailing Saturdays at Noon.
Pennland, Sept. 3; Belgeland, Sept. 21
Rhynland, Sept. 17; Pennland, Oct. 1

RED STAR LINE

New York—Southampton—Antwerp
Sailing every Wednesday at Noon.
Kensington, Aug. 17; Friedland, Aug. 31
Noordland, Aug. 24; Southwark, Sept. 7
International Navigation Company
Piers 11 and 15 North River.
Office, 6 Bowling Green.

Barlow Cumberland, 72 Yonge St., Toronto

STEAMSHIP and

TOURIST TICKETS

Issued by various lines to all parts of the world.

R. M. MELVILLE

Cor. Toronto and Adelaide Sts.
Telephone 2010

Niagara Falls Line

DOUBLE TRIPS

Str. EMPRESS and G. T. R

Daily from Yonge Street Wharf (west side) at
7:30 a.m. and 3:30 p.m. for St. Catharines, all
points on Welland Canal, Niagara Falls,
Buffalo, New York, etc. Low rates to excu-
sion parties. Tickets at all principal agents,
all G. T. R. offices and head office on wharf.
Family book tickets at low rates.
Rochester every Saturday night at 11 p.m.

Anecdotal.

A Bavarian voter showed his contempt
for parliamentary institutions in a unique
manner. During a hotly contested elec-
tion, at which nearly all the German
parties had solicited his vote, he placed in
the urn a slip marked "Isaiah xli. 24."
The passage reads: "Behold, ye are of
nothing, and your work of nought; an
abomination is he that chooseth you."

The late Professor Cohn, the famous
botanist of Breslau, thus opened his course
of lectures on botany: "The four chief
constituents of plants are: Carbon, C;
Oxygen, O; Hydrogen, H; and Nitrogen,
N." Then writing down these four let-
ters, with apparent carelessness, on the
blackboard—COHN—he smiled, observ-
ing: "It is clear I ought to know some-
thing about botany."

One of the Smith Center boys writes to
his home paper (says the Kansas City
Journal) that when the news came to
the Chickamauga hospital of the destruc-
tion of Cervara's fleet one of the nurses
commenced to read it aloud. He had got
as far as the statement that the Brooklyn
had been hit forty-five times, when a fever
patient, a little out of his head, shouted,
"Great Scott! Who pitched for Brook-
lyn?"

A story, which has been a joy for many
a long day among musicians, tells how a
celebrated conductor, refusing an invita-
tion to an afternoon party for his wife on
the plea of her delicate health, got a little
mixed in his explanations, for he made
the following statement: "My wife lies
in the afternoon; if she does not lie, then
she swindles." N.B.—"Schwindeln" is
the equivalent in German for "feeling
giddy."

At the great meeting in St. James' hall
in the summer of 1898, to protest against
the disestablishment of the Irish Church,
some Orange enthusiasts, in the hope of
disturbing Bishop Wilberforce, kept in-
terrupting his honeyed eloquence with
inopportune shouts of "Speak up, my
lord!" "I am already speaking up," re-
plied the bishop in his most dulcet tone;
"I always speak up, and I decline to
speak down to the level of the ill-man-
nered person in the gallery."

When the hero of Manila was a lieuten-
ant he was left in charge of the ship
while his superior officers were enjoying
shore leave in a Mediterranean town. It
was very hot and the men were taking it
easy, when there came a sudden call to
quarters and an order from Lieut. Dewey
to get the heaviest boat and tackle out of
the hold and set it in place without delay.
For two hours the sailors worked, per-
suaded and wondered what was up. After
everything was in place the lieutenant
ordered them to hitch up to a large "chew"
of tobacco that had been thrown under
one of the guns—a thing that was strictly

Summer Books

(With Paper Covers)

We have a large number of
books—the cheaper editions of
popular works—bound with paper
covers—for 10c. each.

"The Witch's Head"—H. Rider Haggard
"The Firm of Girdlestone"—A. Conan
Doyle
"A Romance of Two Worlds"—Corelli
"Knight Errant"—Edna Lyall
"Rienzi"—Bulwer Lytton
"The Bondman"—Hall Caine
"Saddle and Sable."
"Love Letters of a Worldly Woman."
"She."
"A Study in Scarlet."

Wm. T. T. & Co.,
No. 8 King Street West.

against the rules. The tobacco was re-
moved.

While Spurgeon was still a boy preacher,
he was warned about a certain virago, and
told that she intended to give him a
tongue-lashing. "All right," he replied,
"but that's a game at which two can
play." Not long after, as he passed her
gate one morning, she assailed him with
a flood of billingsgate. He smiled and
said: "Yes, thank you, I am quite well;
I hope you are the same." Then came
another burst of vituperation, pitched in
a still higher key, to which he replied,
still smiling: "Yes, it does look rather as
if it is going to rain: I think I had better
be getting on!" "Bless the man," she
exclaimed, "he's as deaf as a post; what's
the use of storming at him?"

When the Duke of Wellington was co-
operating with the Spanish army in the
Peninsula against Napoleon, he was de-
sired on one occasion, during a general
engagement, that the general command-
ing the Spanish contingent should execute
a certain movement on the field. He
communicated the wish to the Spaniard
personally, and was somewhat taken
aback to be told that the honor of the
King of Spain and his army would compel
a refusal of the request unless Wellington,
as a foreign officer, graciously permitted
to exist and fight on Spanish soil, should
present the petition on his knees. The
old duke often used to tell the story after-
ward, and he would say: "Now, I was
extremely anxious to have the movement
executed, and I didn't care a twopenny
damn about getting on my knees, so down
I plumped!"

The Latest Revision.

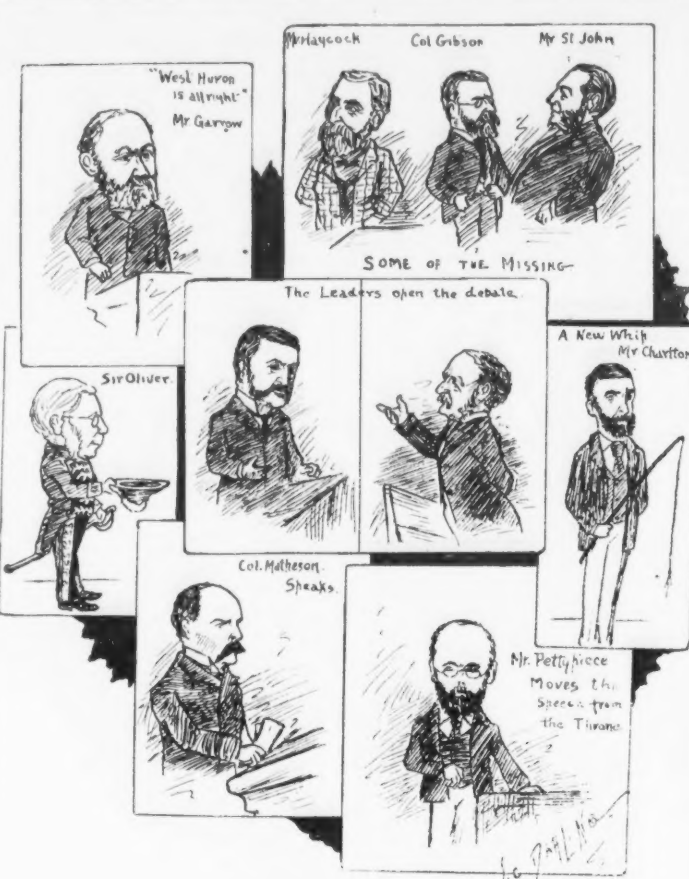
The Unchaperoned Woman. The Spoiled
Man.

A LITTLE United States boy
having been initiated into the
methods of government of vari-
ous countries, and earnestly in-
structed as to the superiority of
those obtaining in his own land, thus
astonished his mother at prayer-time:
"Our Father 'ch'art in Heaven, Hallowed
be Thy name. Thy republic come—
mother, I won't pray again for a kingdom."
And he has continued to revise his prayer
on these lines.

The close of the century introduces the
unchaperoned woman to society; not to
that society which one meets in busy
ways, on the street cars and in the res-
taurants, though it is the wage-earner
who frequents such places, who has broken
that hole in the ice of conventionalities
through which the unchaperoned woman
has so calmly bobbed up. The unchaper-
oned woman is not a wage-earner, though
the wage-earner is indifferently voted all
right without a chaperone: she is one of
the stronger-minded and more equally
poised of the butterflies of fashionable
life, the energetic, independent, dignified
and sometimes uncompromising girl
who quietly determines to take excel-
lent care of herself and do so in her
own way. Such an one can go, and
does go to matinees, lectures, morn-
ing concerts and lunch parlors alone
if she prefers to do so, and goes without
comment or criticism. "I saw you all
alone at the matinee," twittered a little
blonde girl to her tall and robust girl-
friend. "Did you?" said the latter indif-
ferently. "I did not intend to go this
morning, but suddenly took a fancy to see
Babbie once more." The tall girl has just
made a tour of a very beautiful part of
New York State on her bicycle all alone,
and with camera and sketch-book had a
very pleasant time. "Lonely? Oh, no!"
she said when I asked her. "I like best
to go alone when I can't get my brother,
and you know he's down in Santiago just
now!" There are, of course, thousands
of girls who cannot go anywhere without
a chaperone, nor should they—girls who eye
men, and laugh loudly, and fling themselves
carelessly into seats, and stand gaping into
shop windows, and talk to strangers, and
have not about them that blessed reserve
and calm dignity which the beasts and
birds of prey of the city know enough to
recognize for the magic circle about a
woman who knows how to chaperone her-
self. The woman all alone has grown to be
so ordinary a sight that she is compara-
tively safe from remark these days.

"What You Can Do With a Dime" is the
title of a small little article, calculated to
instill habits of penuriousness into its
readers. One thing you can do with a
dime these days is to buy a very fine book,
cheaply gotten up, at Bain's ten cent
library. The other day I was looking over
the lot, and found many standard novels
and a lot of this year's books piled on this
ten-cent-book bargain-table. Talking of
books reminds me that we are having a
good laugh at the outcome of an enter-
prise which started with that modest sum
of money. A certain patriotic and sym-
pathetic young lady to the south of us wrote
to half a dozen of her friends a little
letter, asking them each to send her a
dime for ice and fruit for the sick and
wounded soldiers in Cuba, and to each
ask half a dozen friends as she had done,
to contribute and pass the request along.
The noble thirty-six responded and passed
along the request. The results are almost
incredible. The "endless chain," as this
scheme is called, has gone to Mexico, to
Alaska, to Portland in Maine from
Portland in Oregon. The throbbing
heart of the nation has taken it into
itself. The dime has counted in by this
time some fifty thousand dollars, and the
young lady cannot stop the wonderful
chain. The other day a small mail of
about nine thousand letters was received
at her address. Where and when it will
end the good hearts of the women of
America only know. At present the links
are whirling in so fast one could not
count them in this extraordinary chain,
and the staff of clerks in the postoffice
has to be doubled and trebled to handle
the mail.

A woman writes: "Dear Lady Gay,
Won't you please say something to take
down the conceit of young men?" This



Some Glimpses of our Legislators.
Drawn by Victor Darling, Simcoe, Ont.

is a nice task to set before anyone,
especially anyone as good friends with the
world as I. "You always take the men's
part, and indeed they require, instead, a
good setting down." I don't think it
would do them any good, especially if
they have been spending a month at a
summer resort. That experience
ruins many a promising and modest
young person of the whiskered sex.
When I pop in for a day to the summer
resort and see ten women to one man, and
know those women have nothing on earth
to do but talk scandal and eat and drink,
and paddle in the shallows and do drawn
work, unless a man is on hand to take
them rowing and walking and swimming,
and to sit on the rocks or in a canoe in the
moonlight and talk about himself and
one or two other interesting trivialities,
and that the ten women each want him
and want him to themselves, and that the
man knows it and loves to have it so,
really what can one expect to be the result?
It is the month at the summer resort that
makes a fool of the nicest man. It takes
him all winter to get over it, and even
then he is anticipating next summer's
triumph. Any kind of a man runs risks
in tempting the influence of the summer
resort to play upon his modest and un-
assuming nature. Uriah Heep himself
would get saucy under it. I have seen
young men who were glad of a smile from
a plain girl at last winter's dances,
turn aside with *blase* indifference from
the invitation of the most fetching
and beautiful eyes, and yawn in
honest weariness of their owner's most
abject compliments. Something ought to
be done to stem this tide of ruin before it
is too late. I don't know what might be
made of the notion, but how would it do
to charge the ladies double rates and
board the men for nothing at these resorts
next summer? That might induce the
impetuous men and they are always so
nice to migrate from their enforced city
summer homes, and we should soon
see an improvement in those other poor
chaps who are being spoiled by having
things too abundantly coming their way.
LADY GAY.

The Central Business College, Toronto

This reliable business school invites the
attention of all young men and women in-
terested in commercial education, and
will be pleased to receive correspondence
from anyone who desires to qualify for a
good business position. Write for cata-
logue and particulars. See advertisement
in this issue.

Mrs. Tomkins—Mrs. Yabsley has had
such an experience! Arrested for shop-
lifting! All a mistake, of course. Mrs.
Jenkins—I suppose she must have been
very much annoyed? Mrs. Tomkins—Not
at all. The papers all said she was of
"prepossessing appearance."

Wife (with a determined air)—I want to
see that letter. Husband—What letter?
Wife—That one you just opened. I know
by the handwriting that it is from a wo-
man, and you turned pale when you read it.
I will see it! Give it to me, sir! Hus-
band—Here it is. It's your milliner's bill.

Edith—Harry is the most conceited man
I ever met. Ethel—What makes you
think so? Why, he first asserts that I
am the most adorable woman in the
world, the most beautiful, intellectual,
and in every respect a paragon, and then
he wants me to marry him!

She Was Willing to Lose Him.

It was near the hour of eleven-thirty
p.m. and the War Department clerk still
remained within the ancestral hall of a
mansion not far from Scott Circle (says the
Washington Star.)

The young man was staying longer than
usual, for the girl liked him, notwith-
standing his dilatory habits, and he had
some hopes of winning her hand and
heart, and on this night he would put it
to the test. He rested his elbow on the
arm of his chair and looked fixedly at the
weary maiden on the sofa.

"Miss Ethelynd," he said, with a great
yearning, "have you thought seriously of
what this terrible war is?"

"Most women older than I am have,"
responded the girl, "and I suppose I have
done my share."

"You have flattered me once or twice,
Miss Ethelynd, by asking me not to go to
the front until you said I might go, or
until the call of my country was impera-
tive. Neither of those conditions is yet at
hand, and I still feel that it is my duty to
go. What do you say?"

There was tenderness, and longing, and
hope, and scheming in his voice, for he
was laying a trap for her, and he watched
her to see the effect of his words.

She looked at the clock wistfully and
turned her heavy-laden eyes upon him.

"Well," she said, with sublime resigna-
tion, "if you will go right this minute I
won't say a word."

And for the first time he realized the
actual horrors of war.

Two Ugly Men.

Many years ago there were two brothers,
named Joel and Jonathan, who were
famous throughout Wayne County, Ind.,
because they were both such frights. One
day they were on their way to Cincinnati
by wagon, in the days of the old canal.

The wagon was of the covered variety,
and only Joel was visible to the natural
eye as the vehicle plunged into and out of
the chuckholes that infested the way.

Joel was said to be the next to the ugliest
man in all the country around, and his
brother took precedence. The two brothers
met a stranger, who, attracted by the
supremely homely face of Joel, stopped
his horse and said:

"Excuse me, my friend, but would you
mind telling me your name?"

In a sepulchral tone Joel replied:
"Well, I guess I hadn't never done nothin'
that would make me ashamed to tell my
name. My name is Joel."

"Where do you live, if it is a fair ques-
tion?"

"I live in Wayne County, Indiana,"
replied Joel, "but I ain't never seen much
of Indiana, but I'll bet you \$10 that you're
the ugliest man in the State."

"Well, I ain't no gamblin' man,"
replied Joel, "but I ain't never seen nothin'
in the Scripture ag'in bettin' on a
sure thing, an' I'll just take that bet."

Turning to the wagon cover and peer-
ing into its depths, he called: "Jonathan,
stick your head out hyer."

Jonathan did as requested. The stranger
paid the money without a word of com-
plaint.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every
graphological study sent in. The Editor re-
quests correspondents to observe the following
Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist
of at least six lines of original matter, includ-
ing several capital letters. 2. Letters will be
answered in their order, unless under unusual
circumstances. Correspondents need not take
up their own and the Editor's time by writing
reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-
tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied.
4. Please address Correspondence Column,
Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons
are not studied.

DENNY'S SWEETHEART.—Hope you are in
the same case as Florian, and that your study
was satisfactory. I'd do anything in reason to
please Denny and you.

ENO.—The study lacks freedom—a quotation
and on lines. I don't think you could expect
much. Write naturally, anything which fol-
lows your thoughts, and dispense with ruled
paper. Then you may get something. Let
yourself out a bit. You are perfect—too per-
fect.

SMALL FLY.—Concentration, push and ambi-
tion are shown. Writer knows what he or she
wants and will get it. Care and consideration
are balanced by energy and a very bright and
magnetic nature. I should think writer would
enjoy anything appealing to the imagination,
and like surroundings to be dainty, beautiful,
and above all appropriate. Humor blesses this
study.

MAY H. HAMILTON.—It is a bright, good-
natured and somewhat self-conscious study,
apt to take the world easy and make the best
of everything. A trifle of insincerity, or rather
conventional expression, is shown. Writer is
enterprising and bright, impatient of short-
comings in herself and others, with imagina-
tion and kindness, generosity and conscien-
tiousness shown.

BUTTON BARLOW.—Yes, I shouldn't wonder
if you were. Your writing shows hope and
gentleness, and rather a tendency to be in-
fluenced by gentle means. It is not a very
virile or self-assured writing. Your character
is not at all matured, and it is not fair to judge
it. There are good traits, and the nature is
buoyant and mildly ambitious. Cleverness and
some fancy are shown.

JULIE ANN.—This study has strong vitality,
very little control, and a general air of crude
and impetuous youth about it. The writer has
fine force and a generally strong and indepen-
dent make-up. Would be very likely to rush
in where angels fear to tread. Reverence and
modesty are lacking; a dashing, wilful and
almost vulgar self-assertion is shown, but I
think the worst fault is that of immaturity.
From such a study, properly disciplined, comes
a fine character.

RIETH, NEW YORK.—Is that your name? It is
rather indistinct, so I add the name of your
home. Your prophecy about Sampson
came true, didn't it? Your handwriting,
like yourself, tells a good deal. You are
never afraid to express yourself, though
in general you are cautious when you
trust in important things. Refined feeling
and some tenacity, excellent purpose with
increasing perseverance are shown, and your
ideas are clear and logical. You have not
very much diplomacy, nor is patience your best
virtue. It is a smart, honest and careful study.

FLORIAN.—My gracious me! And I suppose
you've been here all summer and I didn't know
it? Well, why didn't you come and tell me? I
should just love to have you come to the
sanctum and send me into fits. Hope you have
enjoyed Toronto this summer if you have got
here at all. What a description of it! Flowers,
peace, quietness, gardens, and nothing to do
but be good to people, read SATURDAY NIGHT,
hang on to car-traps and watch the new City
Hall. I presume you got your delineation long
ago, if I ever got your study. Let me know if
you did. It would be a pleasure to tell you
again how sweet you are.

MANIE, LINDSAY.—Several of your name
are in the bunch. My dear madam, I don't
need the extracts to know you. Your writing
is thoughtful, deliberate, and not very inter-
esting. Honest purpose but weak and trifling
work are shown. The way you cross your U's
gives me a pain. In one instance you might
have changed your mind half a dozen times
while you did it, so wavering and generally
purposeless is the line. A sweet temper, hope-
ful disposition and appreciation of beauty are
shown, but the magnetic snap is wanting.
While you may be popular, you will never
lead. It is almost a shame to criticize you.
You won't like it.

CARMEL.—I. Sorry you think a woman in-
capable of appreciating your friend. Yours is
the second letter in this column demanding a
statement of my sex. The other says I must
be a woman because I forbear. You think I
must be a man because I say pretty things.
What difference does it make, anyway? Let it
go at that. 2. Your writing shows directness
and sense of honor; a quick, perceptive and
energetic nature, sensible and logical, seeing
clearly and deciding promptly. A sharp judg-
ment and a rather merciless criticism could be
given by you. Some love of fun and a very
independent will are shown. Writer might be
given to sentiment, but I very much doubt it.

FELICE.—Don't be hard on the big sister.
Little one. She probably has her own troubles,
though the dudes hang about her so persistently.
I would think that a bore. I am sorry I did
not happen on you before the exams. Unless you
have a very strong desire to go through the
University it won't be worth while doing so. In
any case I wish you success. I want to tell you
that you have an admirable and very precocious
character, as honest as the day, generous and
broad-minded, but not very logical. Don't
bother about the decline of British power, or
the growing likeness of the Church of England
to the Church of Rome. The likelier they get to
one another the sooner wrangling will cease.
You have idealism and pretty level judgment
for a child, and are rather discreet and very
reliable, bright and at the same time practical.

Oh! let us thankfully rejoice,
Our cup of happiness is filled;
Come, shout, ye people, give it voice,
Some more poor devils have been killed.

Politeness That Didn't Pay.
Illustrated American.

"Beg pardon," said a polite stranger,
thinking he grazed an old man's ankle.
"Eh?" said the old gentleman.
"I beg your pardon," said the polite
stranger, shouting.
Old Gentleman (unconscious of any
hurt)—Why?
Polite Stranger—I am afraid I kicked
you.
Old Gentleman—Eh?
Polite Stranger (shouting)—I kicked
you.
Old Gentleman (surprised)—What for?
Polite Stranger—It was quite an ac-
cident.
Old Gentleman (not catching it)—Eh?
Polite Stranger (screaming in his ear)—
Accident.
Old Man (terrified)—Where, where? You
don't say so. Anyone killed?
(Polite stranger rushes off and misses
his train.)

JUDGE AND JURY.

The Man Who Uses
Shoe Polish

is his own Judge, and
the Jury can't disagree.

PUT

PACKARD'S

Special Shoe Dressings

ON TRIAL.

Watch
the
Verdict.



L. H. PACKARD & CO., MONTREAL

Keep the Children
Out of Mischief

There is no more agreeable method
of doing this than by giving them
a musical education.

That this education shall be
thoroughly effective a first-class
piano is necessary.

No piano surpasses the Mason &
Risch in all that is necessary to con-
stitute a first-class instrument.

Write for catalogues and prices.

MASON & RISCH
PIANO CO. LIMITED

32 KING ST. W. TORONTO

Please
Pass
the
Salt

You get it and on it
goes, and down it goes. What im-
purities went down with it—can
you guess?

WINDSOR
SALT

is nothing but pure salt crystals.
Grocers sell it.

The WINDSOR SALT CO., Limited
WINDSOR, ONT.

THE FAVORITE
DENTIFRICE

IVORINE
ALL DRUGGISTS
25¢
SAMPLE ON APPLICATION
TO IVORINE DENTIFRICE CO.
88 WELLINGTON ST. W. TORONTO, ONT.

CORN CURE

A sure cure
without pain - 25 Cents
W. H. LEE, Chemist & Druggist
Cor. Church and Wellesley Streets



Studio and Gallery

To perpetuate itself as a distinctly individual nation, preserving its identity among the host of nations, is a laudable and legitimate aim for any people. It has perhaps its origin in the desire of the individual for immortality, and the natural aversion we all have for final extinction. Theologians see in this a proof that we are really destined to be immortal. Whether we really are or not, one thing is certain, we all wish to be. "If a man die shall he live again?" is a question which has occupied the thinking powers of many great men. However much hope the individual may have of living again if he once die, there is not so much certainty that the nation which once dies shall live again, in a strictly literal sense at any rate. Live again it does, certainly, in all it contributes to the good or harm of posterity. In this sense a nation never really dies. Its national characteristics come up in a resurrection body of some kind. As a matter of fact, every people which is to any great degree a unit must assume a common form, and if such a people express itself in art-productions there will, of necessity, be an identity, individual, marked, sufficient to distinguish it from all other peoples. There is something wrong surely in the moral and mental composition of a nation which has really no self-love, no desire to make its individuality felt, to say to other groups of people, "I am myself," with consciousness of inborn and cultivated personal responsibility. As the art of a nation more truly expresses its real self than any other evidence it can give, to a country's art we must look to see its mental traits. To a nation composed of a mixed multitude can there be no truly national art. Austria, for instance, composed of Germans, Hungarians, Slavs and Poles, can have no truly national art, at least not until these differing elements have been welded and moulded into unity. We Canadians are also a mixed multitude, not so heterogeneous, perhaps, as the Austrians, but we, too, will require time to evolve out of our medley any distinctively national art. This, however, should be our aim. Anything which tends to unify and bring together as a people is helpful to this national art. Those movements which divide and draw lines between us as colonists are not in the best interests of Canada. It is well

J. W. L. FORSTER
... PORTRAIT PAINTER
Studio: 24 King Street West

R. F. GAGEN,
Studio—90 Yonge Street.
Miniatures, Water Color and Ink Portraits.

MISS EDITH HEMMING
MINIATURE PAINTER
has removed her studio to
382 Church Street, Toronto.

ART PHOTOGRAPHS Views of London, England, all over the world, just received. Latest designs in Picture Frames.

THE ART METROPOLE (Unlimited)
121 and 123 Yonge Street,
L. 3, 5 and 7, Toronto Arcade, Toronto

Our \$10 Carbons for \$5

For the benefit of those who have hitherto found Carbons beyond their reach we make this unusual offer.

293 Yonge Street

We Make Photographs

In all sizes and styles. We also have a very choice selection of

Views of the Principal Buildings and Points of Interest in Toronto

PARK BROS.

Telephone 1269 328 Yonge Street

CHINA KILNS

"REVELATION" - for Coal Oil
"HALL" - "Gas
"WILKE" - "Gas

We are agents for above kilns, and would be pleased to show you the advantages of each.

THE E. HARRIS COMPANY
Of Toronto, Limited
44 King Street East, Toronto

ARTISTS' COLORS

WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL AND WATER COLORS
are in constant demand by the best artists throughout the world for superior work of art.
For sale at all art stores and not expensive.

A. RAMSAY & SON
Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Genuine Pastel Work on Photographs

NOTHING LIKE IT EVER OFFERED BEFORE IN CANADA

Call to see the lovely samples we are showing. Perfect work—durable, artistic and not expensive.

Get your photograph put on your watch. We do the work on the premises. Everything we do is strictly first-class.

The HIGH GRADE ART STUDIO
114 King Street West

to remember that we are sons of England, and sons of Scotland, and sons of Ireland, but it is far more to the point, and to our own advantage in the long run, to remember that we are sons of Canada. It is comfortable to remember that we have a mother, especially in times of danger, but it is better to learn how to defend ourselves. Can we be content to be presented to posterity as a duplicate or as a sort of mongrel, or be always in a transitional state, making little advancement towards unification? We have in our Royal Canadian Academy and Ontario Society of Artists germs which all true Canadians, whether artists or not, should give of their aid in cultivating. The R.C.A. is the exponent of our Canadian art. Brussels, in its Haute-Claire Society, the aims and objects of which are thus expressed in its catalogue, is looking towards a national art:

"Haute-Claire is a new association of artists and craftsmen desirous of establishing a fixed style—a tradition—in industrial art. Jewellery, enamelling, sculpture, binding, furniture-making and pottery—all these branches will be undertaken by the Haute-Claire Society, in respectful observance of the master-works of the past, and in accordance with those laws of beauty and rhythm and harmony which constitute Nature herself. Every piece of work produced by the Haute-Claire Association will be executed exclusively by the members, and will bear the letters 'H.C.' with the sign of a sword between two iris flowers."

This embraces a much larger constituency than the R.C.A., but it is quite essential that it should do so if a liberal and distinctively national trait is to be visible in all branches requiring artistic merit.

Then, again, how desirable it is to have a school of art, purely our own, conducted after the fashion of the Paris schools. There are many in Toronto, surely, who would avail themselves of such instruction if our leading artists were willing to give of their time and powers to the extent the great artists of Paris do. A place where serious students could work all day if they wished, and receive semi-weekly or weekly a criticism from our leading artists. We would soon have a Canadian art were all students educated under common masters. There never can be a very pronounced national art in Canada as long as there is so little unity of purpose, so little association, so many of divided interests as exist at present among the artists themselves. The public will begin to believe our art really means something when it is confronted with a solid phalanx of artists marching in step, (in aim, not in manner), determined to do or die in the establishment of a mode which shall be known as an expression of all that is aesthetic in the souls of Canadians.

Henry Martin, O. S. A., has just returned from Kingston, where, in spite of the obstruction of the retaining elements, he has been enabled to secure a number of faithful sketches of local scenery, which skeletons we hope to see duly clothed and rendered presentable to an appreciative public in the near future.

R. F. Gagen, secretary of the O. S. A., is confined to his home with illness since his return from Boston, and so the preparation of the art display at the coming Fair lags somewhat.

L. R. and Mrs. O'Brien are to spend a short time, ere the season closes, with their friend, Mrs. Holmsted of Dundas.

George Chavignaud has on exhibition in Roberts' Art Gallery two very nice water-colors. These are in Mr. Chavignaud's best style and are very pleasing.

Mrs. Marie H. Holmsted is at the Falls of Niagara, industriously painting views of the rapids and some evening effects.

J. W. L. Forster is journeying through the scenes of the art activities of the Old Land, and is good to say he will tell us of some of the nice things he has seen, when he returns. Seen with Mr. Forster's experienced eye, there must be, there will be, much to tell.

A committee of ladies has been appointed by the directors of the Wentworth Fair to revise the prize list in the art department. This committee proposes to bring up the art contributions to something like modernness. The judges in the past have been blissfully ignorant of art and, therefore, have had all the necessary qualifications to constitute them pronounced critics of art. In the future a committee of artists from Toronto, it is said, are to be invited to give their humble and modest opinion on the subjects presented. The committee of ladies consists of Mrs. Boyle, Mrs. M. H. Holmsted and Mrs. W. Graham.

Very pleasing and instructive is the collection of reproductions of the paintings of the British Royal Academy, 1898, now for sale at the Art Metropole. The united effect is a very good index of the state of British art. Although one misses many of the older and well loved names, the display is none the less representative on that account. On the contrary, it is more so, for it evidences the general tenor of British art by bringing into more conspicuousness a larger number of contributors of more even talent who are not overshadowed by a few prominent names. Something of the national characteristic of serious doggedness prevails throughout, a quality which promises to raise British art eventually, it may be, to the foremost place among the nations, and which even now entitles it to the respect of all foreign artists. Photography is kind in veiling many defects which would no doubt be visible in the originals, and the quality of color being absent detracts much from the value of these reproductions, but neither of these drawbacks prevents this group from being of the first interest to artists, and a source of much pleasure to all. It would be impossible to give anything like a detailed account of either the contributors or the subjects.

There are now on exhibition at Mr. Roberts' Art Gallery some most interesting examples of native Mexican pottery. The most pleasing of the specimens are

of sun-baked clay, roughly but quaintly decorated in an artistically shaped. These are made from a certain porous clay found only about the Mexican town of Guadalupe and in India. It is used chiefly for water-bottles, as, being porous, water evaporates from them quickly. This is known to keep the water remaining in the jar cool. The pieces are not shaped in a mould; they are the work of peasants and done entirely by hand, no two being exactly alike. In addition to the jugs and cups, etc., there are some really excellently modeled figures, notably a group, The Gamblers, Mexicans reclining on skins playing cards. If this is the everyday production of uneducated pawns it seems to show that there is a lot of talent inherent in the Mexican people that will one day blossom and produce a genius.

The coming Rembrandt exhibition, which will be opened at Amsterdam early in September, promises, by the way, to be of the greatest importance. Examples of the master's work are expected to be contributed by Queen Victoria, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Westminster, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Lord Derby, Earl Spencer, the Countess de Pourtales, M. Ephrussi, M. Bonnat, and other noted collectors. JEAN GRANT.

A Stevenson Fragment on Conscience.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson spent some of his time writing moral maxims and little sermons on conduct, which he left among his unpublished MSS. Mr. Sidney Colvin, who is now preparing for the press a biography of the novelist, will include these unpublished sayings and sermons in the volume. The London Outlook has been permitted to draw on them in advance, and from those it publishes we select the following:

"Never allow your mind to dwell on your own misconduct; that is ruin. The conscience has morbid sensibilities; it must be employed, but not indulged, like the imagination or the stomach."

"There is but one test of a good life: that the man shall continue to grow more difficult about his own behavior. That is to be good; there is no other virtue attainable. The virtues we admire in the saint and the hero are the fruits of a happy constitution. You, for your part, must not think you will ever be a good man, for these are born and not made. You will have your own reward if you keep on growing better than you were—how, do I say? if you do not keep on growing worse."

"You will always do wrong; you must try to get used to that, my son. It is a small matter to make a work about, when all the world is in the same case. I meant, when I was a young man, to write a great poem; and now I am cobbling little prose articles, and in excellent good spirits, I thank you. So, too, I meant to lead a life that should keep mounting from the first; and though I have been repeatedly down again below sea-level, and am scarce higher than when I started, I am as keen as ever for that enterprise. Our business in this world is not to succeed, but to continue to fail in good spirits."

Some Caithness Humor.

Northern Esquimaux (Wick).
Some ladies on the banks of Wick River wished very much to know if the ice was strong to bear them. A passing pedlar was asked to go out on it. John was probably as unwilling to run the risk which they feared, and very courteously but adroitly answered, "Though I may be a fool I am not devoid of manners. The ladies will please go first and I will follow."

Nearly two generations ago the question of having their church buildings insured against fire was discussed by the kirk session of a religious sect in the county town. The economics of fire insurance might be sound enough as applied to their own personal property, but they took a different view of the matter where a sacred building was concerned. The climax of debate was reached, and with it the finding of the meeting, as one of these worthy men with the faith of a Peter said, "If God was not able to keep His own building it was time to rouse the business."

A small farmer had finished the business which had brought him some hours before from his home at Howe to the mansion house of his laird, when he suggestively invited the hospitality of the latter by remarking that he required his tongue when he visited Barrock, but that he might as well have left his teeth at home.

It Needed Rough Weather.

Pittsburg Dispatch.
A copy of the London Chronicle gives the complete text of Ambassador John Hay's response at his At Home on July 1. In it he made this graceful allusion to Andrew Carnegie: "I am reminded of a little parable. A friend of mine, known and honored by all of you, who had taken a castle in Scotland, wanted to display the British and the American flags from the topmost tower. But not wishing to give either precedence over the other, he had the two flags sewed together, so that one side displayed the Stars and Stripes and the other the meteor flag of England. The combination was rather—I will not say heavy, but weighty, and in the still days of midsummer it dropped upon the staff."

"But when a breeze came the twin flags unfolded the splendor of their colors, and when a gale blew they stood stiffly out to the air, proclaiming their attachment to every quarter of the sky. So my friend drew the moral which I see you recognize before I utter it. The attachment was formed long ago, but it needed rough weather to show it to the world."

Medical Endorsements.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt differs from preparations usually advertised in that it is endorsed and prescribed by the leading physicians of Great Britain, Europe and Canada. Every medical journal in Canada has endorsed this standard English preparation on account of its excellence. The daily use of Abbey's Effervescent Salt will keep you in good health. Sold by druggists everywhere at 60 cents a large bottle. Trial size 25 cents.

Fiction Made to Order.

Washington Star.

The publisher of fiction in paper cover was not feeling very amiable when the young lady novelist called on him.

"I called to see about my story," said the young lady novelist.

"Oh, the one which is entitled Marietta's Marriage; or, a Life Story From a Book of Cigarette Papers?"

"Yes; that's it."

"Well, it's a pretty good novel. But you must bear in mind that as litterateurs we're responsible for the education of the public to a certain degree. We must not be too improbable. Sometimes you have to be a little improbable now and then in order to fascinate your reader, but you can be reasonable a good deal of the time."

"But if you try that, isn't your reader likely to become unfascinated?" she enquired.

"Not if you're judicious. Now, the only objection I have to your story is the incident which represents the heroine as jumping out of a third-story window on to an awning over a meat store in order to escape the abductors who are on her track. It's too much to risk on an awning. And, besides, it's more than likely any abductor who knew his business would have a confederate posted outside to catch her when she bounced off. Of course, you've got her cornered and she's got to get away somehow. But I must say it doesn't sound quite artistic to me."

She had been thinking while he talked, and she remarked:

"Suppose we fix it this way: She was on her way home from the milliner's, where she bought the most fashionable hat in the window. She was walking through the park when she saw her pursuers on her track. She knew she must act quickly. Without a moment's hesitation she took off the hat, laid it on the ground and then crouched behind the bunch of mammoth hyacinth blossoms, which the milliner had told her would cost her \$17 extra. How she rejoiced that she had not carried out her threat to go without rather than pay so much! The men who had so often abducted her before were foiled at last. They came within a few feet of her hiding place, and one of them paused, but only to remark that he had never before seen a flower bed and shrubbery in that part of the park. Marietta was saved!"

And the publisher nodded his head approvingly and exclaimed:

"Now, there's some sense to that."

"Wicked" Lord Lonsdale.

At a recent meeting of the Poor Clergy Relief Society, says an English paper, the Hon. George Waldegrave Leslie told a good story of Bishop Waldegrave of Carlisle and the "wicked" Lord Lonsdale. The Bishop pleaded the cause of a clergyman passing rich on £10 a year, whose well educated wife took in tourists' washing to add to their scanty income. Lord Lonsdale said:

"Everybody looks on me as a very sinful man, beyond all possible hope of salvation. You have pleaded the cause very nobly for that young clergyman. Here is my cheque book; put down what you like and I will sign it."

The Bishop said: "No, that is a matter between God and you."

Lord Lonsdale gave the Bishop a cheque for £10,000, and afterwards two further cheques of £20,000, for the poor clergy of the diocese of Carlisle.

Second Thoughts.

The sound of the door closing behind him fell like a knell.

"Come back!" she shrieked.

The echo of her own voice mocked her.

"Come back!"

Her cry smote the empty air and was lost.

"Perhaps—"

She bowed to the decree of fate.

"—It is better thus."

Upon closer inspection she had discovered that the umbrella he left was silk and not alpaca, after all.

Teacher (to pupil): How old are you?

Pupil—Six. Teacher—When were you six?

Pupil—On my birthday.—Truth.

First Nighter—What? Every seat taken.

Ticket-seller—Every one. But there will be plenty after the first act. I saw a rehearsal.

"Well, we remembered the Maine, didn't we?" "Yes, but I see you're one of those who had to wear a button in order to do it.—Cleveland Leader.

Said the thin man—The doctor has ordered me to stick to fattening food.

Said the other man—Pity he couldn't order the fattening food to stick to you.

Mother—Johnny, stop using such dreadful language! Johnny—Well, mother, Shakespeare uses it. Mother—Then don't play with him; he's no fit companion for you.

"What is your idea of a literary person?" "Well, a literary person is one who buys books, without asking whether they are to be had in paper back."—Detroit Free Press.

Mother—I gave each of you boys an orange. Charlie, you said you wouldn't eat yours until after dinner. And you, Jack, said the same. Have you deceived me? Charlie—No, mother; we didn't eat our own oranges. I ate Jack's and he ate mine!

"No," she said, "you are not such a man as I would have thought of choosing for my husband." "That may be," he replied, "but I thought, seeing you had got beyond the point where choosing was possible, that you might consent to—"

But he never finished.—Cleveland Leader.
"You don't look as if you'd ever had anything to do with water in all your born days," said the hard-featured woman standing inside the kitchen door. "Nevertheless, ma'am," replied Tuffalo Knutt, stiffening himself up and speaking in a tone of insulted dignity, "when I was a young man I run a ferry for a whole year!"—Chicago Tribune.

LABATT'S INDIA PALE ALE

Is an excellent nutrient tonic. Physicians desiring to prescribe will hardly find anything superior to this.—Health Journal.
"We find that the Ale uniformly well agreed with the patients, that it stimulated the appetite, and thereby increased nutrition. The taste likewise was highly spoken of. In nervous women, we found that a glass at bedtime acted as a very effective and harmless hypnotic."—Superintendent of large United States Hospital.

ORDER IT FROM YOUR MERCHANT AND SEE THAT YOU GET IT.

JOHN LABATT, Brewer - LONDON

Hot Air Furnaces

With Hot Water Combination if desired.

OUR
Famous Florida for Coal

with steel dome, low steel radiator and three steel flues, (insures quick heat without danger of cracking), is constructed on the principle of a baseburner stove, and is as easily regulated as one.

The distance the heat has to travel compels its utmost radiation, and consequently insures great heating power with economy of fuel. Exceptionally heavy fire pot fitted with either cast or duplex grate. Large ash pit.

DAMPERS CAN BE REGULATED FROM ROOMS ABOVE.

We hold highest testimonials from users.

THE MCCLARY MFG. CO.
LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

A TIRED APPETITE

is as bad as a tired head or tired limbs. There comes a time when you really don't know what you want, and that is the time when you really do want a cup of

BOVRIL

to impart the necessary nourishment to the "run down" system without overloading it, and giving the digestive organs more work than they can possibly do.

BOVRIL does for the system what nothing else will do.

It restores vigor
Maintains health and
Repels the attack of disease.
Suitable for
Young and Old
The Invalid and the Athlete
BOVRIL, Limited

30 Farringdon Street, London, England 25 & 27 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Canada

COAL AND WOOD
THE VERY BEST AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES
P. BURNS & CO.
38 King Street East 304 Queen East 274 College Street
Cor. Front and Bathurst 312 Queen West 199 Wellesley Street
Foot of Princess 425 Spadina 388 Yonge Street
TELEPHONE AT ALL OFFICES

SUBSTITUTION THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

Making Progress.
Detroit Free Press.

The young fellow was extremely diffident, and very much in love with the girl. He had made half a dozen attempts to offer her his heart and hand, but on each occasion he had fallen short.

To add to the seriousness of the situation, the girl was ready to accept him as soon as the proposal was in definite shape.

Even the mother was willing, but latterly she had grown tired of the dilatory tactics and Fabian policy of the suitor, and had kicked on his coming so often and staying so late.

One night, after three hours of struggle on his part, and much delicate encouragement on the part of the girl, he had seized her hand convulsively, dropped on his knees impetuously, and was about one-fifth through an impassioned appeal to her to be his when the mother's voice sounded clear on the night from the head of the stairs.

The youth stopped short, but held on. "Mary," came the maternal voice querulously, "is that young man there yet?" "Not yet, mother," replied Mary, smiling sweetly down on the face of her

BEAUTY IS POWER

Dr. Campbell's Safe Astringent Complete Water Face Powder Astringent Cream are the most wonderful preparations in the world for the complexion. They remove pimples, freckles, blackheads, moles, sallowness, tan, redness, blotches, and all other facial and bodily blemishes. These preparations brighten and beautify the complexion as no other remedy on earth can. Water Face Powder, for box, 50c and \$1 a large bottle. H. B. FOULD, 144 Yonge St., Toronto. Sold by all druggists in Canada.

WHIRLWIND Please note change in address.
CARPET TAKEN UP, CLEANED, AND RE-LAID.
Cor. Bloor and Manning Avenue
Phone 5330 R. P. POWELL, Proprietor.

Romeo, "but he's getting there." And two weeks later the cards were out.

How to Get Rich.
We refer to the richness of the blood. If you are pale and thin, you are poor in strength and nerve power. Scott's Emulsion drives away thinness and pallor, and brings rich blood and nerve power.

Our Front Door.

The New Home of the Salada Tea Company.

It is a remarkable thing that the front door of a town, the part that gives visitors coming in off the boats or trains their first impression of a place, is usually the most ugly. One would think that the first care of a town would be to have its water-front as imposing as possible, but such is seldom the case. In most if not all towns in this country the district immediately about the station or docks is the ugliest quarter of the place. Nowhere was this more noticeable than in Toronto ten or fifteen years ago. Within the last decade, however, a noticeable improvement set in. The water-front was straightened. Better docks were built, the old sheds and boat-houses on the Esplanade done away with, and

otherwise—it is taken to the top floor, where it is blended with the other necessary brands, to make the world-famous Salada, in a machine worked by electricity. On the floor below, by an ingenious machine, (the invention of Mr. P. C. Larkin, and now used all over America), it is packed in the sealed lead packets, which are a feature of this tea and first introduced into this country by the Salada Company. Three men, by the use of this machine, can weigh and pack tea at the rate of six hundred packages an hour. The packages are then shot down a chute to the floor below, where they are labeled. Then down they shoot again to the next floor, where they are packed in wooden cases ready to be shipped. There are forty-two employees of the Salada Company engaged in the building alone. The Salada Tea Company have built up their great trade in but six years. It was



The New "Salada" Building.

the land on which they stood reclaimed. The new station was built, and the York street bridge, recently completed, marks another step in the right direction. Another such step in making our front entrance presentable is the Salada Tea Company's building just lately remodelled. It stands between the Bank of Hamilton and the Bank of Montreal on Yonge street. It is a five-story structure, and is not only one of the most handsomely appointed business places in the city, but is said to be the finest tea-house in the world. The fine wide entry hall, with its tiled floor, its Grecian style of architecture and its pebbled glass doors in the shadow at the back, is a pleasant glimpse of cool-

they that introduced the Ceylon growth of tea to this country; it was this company that first advertised tea as a special brand in Canada; they that first put it up in lead packets so that the consumer would not only get the tea fresh, but would get it as blended by experts. Formerly this important process was left to the grocer, who was naturally not to be expected to know as much about the blending of teas as those who devote their whole time to it. A million and a half pounds of tea in packets are now sent out by the Salada firm annually. One reason for the phenomenal proportions of the trade attained in the short space of six years is that the Company are



Entry Hall of the Big Tea House.

ness and grace as one passes the open doors. The offices are in keeping with the entrance. On the right is the testing room, where the different brands of teas are tasted and experiments in blending are made by a staff of experts. In the rear of the testing room are the luxuriously appointed private offices of the firm. Across the hall is the general office, where the business part of the company's operations is done. The rest of the building is devoted to the different processes of blending, packing and shipping. When the tea first comes in, after its journey from Ceylon, it is tested. If it passes the test—and not

firm believers in advertising, and Mr. P. C. Larkin, the manager, is one of the brightest ad. writers in the business. Advertisements are no permanent good, however, if the article advertised won't bear out on trial what is said about it. And Salada Tea fulfills all its promises. Within the last ten years Toronto has been literally transformed by the improvement in the style of her new buildings. The latest of these, the home of the Salada Tea Company, down by our front door, as we have said, compares well with the new structures that are helping to make Toronto more dignified, imposing and compact.

Social and Personal.

Mr. T. Alex. Davies has returned from a visit to Woodstock, and has charge of the organ and choir at Central Presbyterian church for three weeks during Mr. V. P. Hunt's vacation. Mr. Davies also played very acceptably for the large congregations at Cooke's church for four weeks this summer.

Mr. William Brydson, who in the interests of a large Toronto firm spends the greater part of his time in British Columbia, is staying for a few weeks with friends in town.

Miss Birdie Mason of 100 College street has returned from a very pleasant visit at Long Branch.

The following are registered at the Robinson House, Big Bay Point: Mr. W. A. Forth of Field, B.C.; Mr. John Fetterly of Gravenhurst; Mr. E. W.

Fulton of Austin, Texas; Mr. H. M. Dymont of Rochester, N.Y.; Mrs. J. Harrison Vernon of Toronto; Mr. H. Ellis, wife and family, and Mr. Andy Carson of Barrie.

Mr. Charles St. Enchen of New York, who has been a guest of the merry bachelors of Albert Cottage, Balmy Beach, has been called to Detroit to sing at a kerneis, but may return and finish his visit. Mrs. Hardwell and Mr. St. Enchen were guests at the Yacht Club dance Monday evening.

Mr. J. M. Kendry and Miss Kendry, of Peterborough, and Miss Higinbotham of New York are in town this week.

Mr. John Dickenson, M.P.P., Glanford, and Mrs. Dickenson are in town.

Mr. Berkeley Powell, the bright young Conservative member for Ottawa, is at the Queen's for the session, where he is

being called upon by numerous friends who look on him as the president of "The all good fellows club." Mr. Powell was serenaded by the Capital Lacrosse Club of Ottawa here on Saturday last.

Mr. Ralph E. Axton, one of Brantford's best known and most popular young men, is in town today. Axton kept up his reputation as one of the star amateur cyclists of Canada at a number of C.W.A. meets this week.

Mr. James Sutherland, M.P., of Woodstock, has returned from Rat Portage.

Mr. F. F. Pardee, M.P.P. for West Lambton, and Mrs. Pardee, of Sarnia, are at the Rossin.

Mrs. O. J. Armstrong and Miss Helen McCallum of Cobourg were in town the first part of the week.

Mrs. MacFarlane and Miss MacFarlane of Stratford and Miss Gurd of Sarnia are spending the latter part of the week in town.

Mr. C. R. Meredith, Jr., Mrs. Edmund Meredith, Miss Meredith and Miss Murray of London, Ont., were in town this week.

Dr. C. K. Ross of Brockville was in town this week.

Amongst members of the Ontario Legislature stopping at the Rossin who have been accompanied this week by members of their families are Mr. H. J. Pettypiece of Forest and his son Charles, and Mr. John H. Douglas of Warkworth and his son.

Mr. Robert Cummings and Mrs. Cummings have returned from Muskoka.

The Misses Fletcher of Euclid avenue have returned to the city after spending a pleasant two weeks' holiday at Jackson's Point.

Mr. Horace G. Shaver and his mother, Mrs. (Dr.) Shaver of Stratford are guests at the Penetanguishene Hotel, Penetang.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald and

their family, with Mrs. Arthur Harrison, are leaving for Long Branch next Monday.

Mrs. R. C. Winlow and her daughter Lois sailed this week via New York for Germany, where Miss Winlow will continue her musical studies.

Crown Attorney Dewar left for vacation last Thursday, and will return on September 1.

Mr. Harry Westwick, one of Ottawa's leading sportsmen, and a very popular young man with Torontonians, was in town this week.

Mr. George S. Crawford, the popular and up-to-date manager of the Bank of Montreal, and family, are spending August at their pretty island cottage.

Mr. John W. Hobbs, the popular Varsity football captain, was in town this week.

Mr. Norman S. French, one of the most popular young men around town, returned from New York last week.

Mr. Courtney Kingstone is at Gregory, Muskoka, on vacation.

His Honor Judge Morson, Hon. President Osgoode Hall A.A.A., has returned to town. His Honor watched "the coppers" at their annual games on the Island oval Wednesday.

Mr. Walter Moss has been moved to the Winnipeg branch of the Bank of Commerce.

Mr. I. B. Lucas, Conservative M.P.P. of Center Grey, is staying with friends on Harbord street. Is Mr. Lucas or Mr. McDairmid the youngest member of the Ontario Legislature?

Mrs. Schreiber of Springfield on the Credit has gone to England to live. Artists and art lovers will miss her charming and picturesque presence and finished work.

Many friends will be interested to hear of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bendelari, both of whom were most popu-

lar and esteemed young people here previous to their marriage and removal to Columbus, Ohio.



SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

THE Housewife who is considerate for the health and comfort of her family, including herself, is not stewing over a stove this hot weather, but is providing the already cooked Shredded Wheat Biscuit, fruits, milk and cream—perfect food for any meal in the day. When you eat Shredded Wheat Biscuit you secure all the food properties that there are, and all you could get, suited for nutrition, if you ate all the kinds of food in existence. All these properties are in the correct proportions to build and sustain, under normal conditions, all the elements of the body. Send name on postal, mentioning SATURDAY NIGHT, for our booklet, "SUMMER SUGGESTIONS," Free. It gives valuable advice as to Summer Feeding, and Choice Recipes for the use of Shredded Wheat Biscuit.

NEW ERA COOKING SCHOOL
Worcester, Mass.



Presses, sponges and repairs gentlemen's clothes under yearly contract.

Delivery wagon calls weekly at residence and returns articles same day.

Telescope case supplied for convenience of customers' apparel individually.

Reasonable charges.

A Great Convenience and Economy

Ask to have our representative call.

23 Jordan St. TELEPHONE 8088

SUMMER RESORTS.

Grimsby Park

Sunday, August 21st
11 a.m.—Rev. G. H. Salton, Ph.D.
2:30 p.m.—Rev. W. F. Wilson.

Monday and Tuesday, August 22nd, 23rd
Recitals—Owen A. Smiley and Miss La Dell.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 24th, 25th and 26th
Recitals—Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Losey.

Saturday, August 27th
Concert—Band of 13th Battalion of Hamilton.

Sunday, August 28th
11 a.m.—Rev. A. Burns, S.T.D., LL.D.
2:30 p.m.—Rev. C. H. Fowler, Bishop of the M. E. Church.
7 p.m.—Rev. G. K. Adams.

Monday, August 29th
Lecture—Bishop Fowler—"Great Deeds of Great Men."

Steamer White Star makes daily trips to the Park.

Excellent hotel accommodation at Lake View and Park House. Rates \$2.00 and \$1.00 per day.

Steamboat tickets admit to Park for the day. General admission to Park 15 cents.

QUEEN'S HOTEL AND COTTAGES

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE
The Newport of Canada
Open from June to September

Special rates for family parties.
Golf, Tennis, Cycling, Boating, Bathing, Fishing.

Dances every Saturday Evening. McGaw & Winkett, Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara.

HANLAN'S POINT

WEEK OF AUGUST 22

Baseball MONTREAL vs. TORONTO

FREE OPEN AIR PERFORMANCES

Roof Garden Afternoon and Evening

PROFESSIONAL.

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND

Public Accountant and Auditor
Traders' Bank Chambers, Toronto.
Phone 1641

Excellence

is the standard unvaryingly adhered to in the production of our

...Fine Boys' Suits

This applies alike to quality of material, every detail of finish and the taste involved in their general make-up.

Our new goods have arrived and are ready for your inspection. The goods this year are very handsome.

OAK HALL, Fine Clothiers

115, 117, 119, 121 King Street East - - - TORONTO

Ornament
Your
Home



Porcelain
Art
Pieces

This cut represents a Majolica Pedestal and Vase of beautiful finish, about 18 inches high. They can be had in various sizes and shapes in same class of art ware. We also have them in Royal Bonn Ware. The decorative effects produced in Royal Bonn Ware are very stylish and striking. There are a few lines in Porcelain Art Ware that we have placed on the closing-out list to make room for Fall goods. Beautiful goods can be had just now at bargain prices.

McMAHON, BROADFIELD & CO.

Importers China and Glass

Toronto, 36 Front Street West



A Canadian Artiste...

Miss Margaret Trew is a Canadian artiste who has won recognition on the operatic stage with E. E. Rice's Opera Company. Her pleasing presence and splendid voice have largely contributed to her success.

Thanks to Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills she will be able to again delight her numerous friends during the coming season.

...A TRIBUTE TO EXCELLENCE...

"The exhausting work during the last season with Rice's Opera Company left me in a state of nervous prostration so severe that I was forced to terminate my engagement and seek rest and restoration to health. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills were recommended to me, and I took two boxes of them, with the result that I am now enjoying splendid health. They are a magnificent tonic and restorer."

"Yours truly,
"MARGARET TREW."

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 3 boxes for \$2.00, at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DR. WARD CO., 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of Information free.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain

PRICES:

Full Set Best Teeth, perfect fit guaranteed or no pay, \$6.
Good set, \$4.
22k Gold Crowns \$5.
Gold Fillings \$1 up.
Silver Fillings 75c.
Teeth without Plate, \$5.

ALL WORK NEARLY PAINLESS AND GUARANTEED

H. A. GALLOWAY, L.D.S.

Phone 701. 24 Queen East.

It is Your Parental Duty

to have your children's eyes attended to when they show the least sign of weakness. Our optician is particularly skilled in testing children's eyes most accurately. No charge for examination.

SGHEUER'S

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL JEWELLERS



Tom from Green's

We have six private rooms on the ground floor used exclusively for ladies and children's hair cutting, shampooing, and dressing. This is our price list:

Range cut and curled... 15c.
Hair cut and singed... 25c.
Hair cut, singed and shampooed... 50c.
Hair-dressing is a specialty with us.

Tom from Green's, 348 YONGE STREET Opp. Elm Street

PHRENOLOGY

Professor O'Brien

Canada's greatest and Toronto's leading Phrenologist and (only) scientific palmist; patronized by the elite. Photo read free to patrons. Open till 10 p.m. 401 Jarvis

HOW TO Save Your Carpets

Send a post card to the Toronto Rug Works and they will give you all information free of charge.

Toronto Rug Works, 100 Queen St. E.

Any Engravings Published

In TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT are for sale or rent at low rates. Apply to Secretary-Treasurer. THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited) Toronto.

BICYCLE

Lady's or Gentleman's

'98 Pattern—New—For Sale Cheap

ROOM 9, SATURDAY NIGHT Building.

OFFICE TO LET

"Saturday Night" Building

Suitable for any business or profession. Apply to Secretary-Treasurer. THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited).



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Public Building, Ingersoll, Ont.," will be received until Tuesday, August 23rd, 1898, for the construction of a Building at Ingersoll, Ont.

Plans and specifications can be seen and form of tender and all necessary information obtained at this Department and at the office of J. B. Jackson, Ingersoll, Ont. Persons are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by a receipted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. of amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, E. F. E. ROY, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, August 18th, 1898.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

Coleman's Salt

Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb. carton of Table Salt is the nearest package on the market. For sale by all first-class grocers.

Our...
Baby Grand
is the piano. The BEST PEOPLE in all parts of the Dominion place their faith on.
Tone Quality Strength Beauty
are ALL found THERE.
The evidence is producible that it has no competitor in home or foreign manufactures.
HEINTZMAN & CO.
117 King St. West

HERCULES WIRE BEDS
Means perfection in bed comfort.
The patent interlocking wires is the secret of their wonderful strength and comfort. Take no other make. Manufactured by **Gold Medal Furniture Mfg. Co.** Two large factories. Toronto

Speech Impediment Among Canadians.

Over Ten Thousand Cases Estimated, so Says a Reliable Authority.

CAREFULLY compiled statistics by Mr. S. T. Church, the experienced head of Church's Auto-Voice Institute, covering a period of eight years, safely estimate the number of persons in Canada who are troubled with various forms of speech defect to be not less than ten thousand. This estimate does not include a vast number who through sheer carelessness and neglect fail to enunciate distinctly. Seventy-five per cent. of the above number are stammerers.

The statistics referred to contain an exhaustive description of the causes leading up to this unenviable state of affairs. Among nearly two thousand cases in attendance at Church's Auto-Voice Institute during the eight years of its existence, upwards of one thousand five hundred have been stammerers, a very large proportion of whom have been members of the first families. Even in consideration of the very excellent results achieved by this institution, and the fact that its doors are never closed from one year's end to another, it cannot, if taxed to its fullest capacity, do little more than meet the annual increase in speech impediment among Canadians alone. This Institute holds the unique position of being the only established institution in its particular line of work in Canada. Of the two thousand cases referred to eighty per cent. are resident in Canada. Fifty per cent. of these belong to the Province of Ontario, twenty-five per cent. of whom are citizens of Toronto. The remaining twenty per cent. are representatives of United States, Great Britain and Germany. It may be said to the credit of Church's Auto-Voice Institute and its superior curriculum that in no instance where the Auto-Voice Course has been properly completed and the instructions complied with, has there been less than the most satisfactory results. Scarcely ten per cent. of the large patronage of this institute have failed through reason of circumstances or indisposition to realize the good results arising from the completed Auto-Voice Course.

The success of this institution since the date of its inauguration in this city in 1890 has been attended by the usual number of aspirants to equal honors, no less than nine futile attempts having been made within the last six years. The sincerest flattery has in a number of these instances been awarded the Auto-Voice Institute by the unwarranted adoption of its advertising literature, its entrance agreements, application blanks, etc., and in a couple of instances the use of the term "Auto-Voice School" as an outside sign. In fact, it has been the exception to find any literature in circulation of late years referring to stammering, etc., that does not bear the evidence of plagiarizing from the literary productions of Church's Auto-Voice Institute. This institution in this respect is not to be regarded as exceptional. Nearly all if not all successful enterprises meet with similar experiences. Perhaps one of the most sensible and at the same time acceptable business rules of the Auto-Voice Institute is the non-publication of the names and addresses of students, especially when such are preceded by a testimonial which in most cases is prepared by those interested in securing it. To such an extent has the prepared testimonial privilege been abused that the public have become justly wary of those who find it a necessity to resort to questionable business methods. Instead of parading the names of students unnecessarily the management of the Auto-Voice Institute furnish bona fide enquirers with any required number of names and addresses, leaving the correspondence free from any suspicion so far as the management is concerned. Returning to the subject of speech impediment among Canadians, Mr. Church's statistics reveal the fact that speech troubles are not confined to the lower and middle classes. The Auto-Voice Institute register shows that from among the wealthy and educated classes no less than 47 sons and daughters of bankers, 111

FROM INDIA AND CEYLON...

"TETLEY'S TEAS PLEASE"

For Guests

If you want a really fine, full flavored, rich "bodied" tea, to offer your guests, or for the family circle, get



Tetley's TEAS

Elephant Brand—of course the more expensive grades are best—but all are good pure tea, and whether you get the 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c. or \$1. per lb. grades any of them are

BEST OF TEA VALUES

Sold at above prices by all good grocers, in ½ & 1 lb. air tight lead packets. Always Pure, Always Fresh.

The New Design

Ladies...
...IN
Traveling Bags

Made in
Real Alligator, Dark Green
and Olive Grain Leathers...



Suit Cases

FITTED WITH

The Best
Toilet Articles

The JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO.

TEL. 233 105 KING STREET WEST

MAKERS OF

FINE TRAVELING and LEATHER GOODS



Head Offices:

20 King St. West

Toronto

6 James St. North

Hamilton

A GREAT EVENT

CANADA'S GREAT... **Exposition**

...AND...

Industrial Fair
Toronto....

AUG. 29th to Sept 10th, 1898

New and Wonderful Attractions

Exciting All Previous Years

The Cuba-American War

Exciting Naval and Military Displays

The Latest Inventions and Novelties

from all parts of the World

Cheap Excursions from Every where.
For Programmes and all particulars, address
J. J. WITHERS
President. H. J. HILL
Manager, Toronto.

Social and Personal.

The marriage of Mr. Frank Joyce of St. Louis and Miss Alice Hayward of Toronto will take place at half past seven o'clock next Wednesday evening at St. Margaret's church, Rev. Robert Moore officiating.

Miss Lillian Smallpiece of Parkdale is visiting Miss Edith Northcott of Hespeler.

Monsieur Mercier is bidding farewell to friends before leaving for Paris to perfect his vocal culture.

Senorita Milocita, the world known Cuban dancer, has arrived in Toronto from Havana. The Senorita is an interesting informant on everything connected with the present crisis, from a Cuban standpoint.

The marriage of Mr. Richard Lee and

Miss Alna Beaton, niece of Mr. David Spence of Brock avenue, took place at the home of the latter, on Wednesday morning. Rev. J. W. Bell was the officiating minister. Miss Robinson of Brampton was bridesmaid and Mr. J. D. Spencer best man. Mr. and Mrs. Lee left on the boat for a honeymoon in the Thousand Islands and down east by the river route. Mr. Lee and his bride have many friends in Toronto who send them hearty good wishes, and will welcome them home again.

The sad news of the death of Mrs. Graveley, wife of Colonel Vance Graveley, was received with deep regret by her many friends. Always winning and sweet in manner, a woman of much culture, and void of the smallest self-consciousness, as well as possessing the charm of a most

11 Years of Progress

Reasons: No-bolts, rods or packing. Light, durable, perfect finish of castings. Stand a pressure of 140 pounds to the square inch. Free, positive, quick circulation of heat. Fit curves, circles, angles. You can't buy better than the "best" there is or can be.

The Safford Radiators

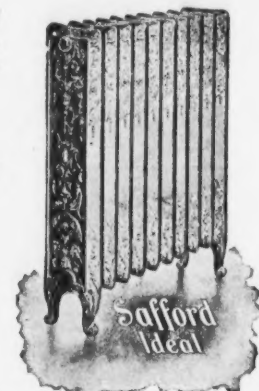
The Dominion Radiator Co., Limited

FORMERLY

The TORONTO RADIATOR MFG. CO., Limited

Toronto, Ont.

FREE BOOK ALL ABOUT THEM—FOR A POST CARD



Summer is delightful when one is provided with a

Gendron Bicycle

with Buckeye Tires

prepossessing appearance, Mrs. Graveley had the qualifications necessary to ensure love and respect. Deep sympathy is everywhere expressed for the genial and popular Colonel in his sad bereavement.

The latest scandal has materialized at the Island, and is being passed about among the tabbies with great zest. Several versions have reached within a mile of this column, but will not be mentioned for various reasons, the principal one being that the whole thing is too trivial to notice.

Mr. Donovan, a recent arrival from South Africa, is a most pleasant and interesting acquaintance. He will probably decide to remain in Canada. Mr. Donovan was born in Africa, but, as his name and a wee touch of the brogue suggest, has relatives in Old Ireland. He is easily making friends in our city.

Dr. O'Reilly and Dr. Starr are in Quebec, attending the meetings of the Canadian Medical Association.

The Prince and Princess Vaguara Fabrice of Naples were in Toronto this week for a short visit.

Mrs. R. B. Hamilton and Miss Beatrix Hamilton are at Mr. Pellatt's summer place in Orillia. Miss Carrie Lash is in Muskoka.

They were standing upon the upper deck of the Chippewa as she steamed out of the eastern passage. They were South-erners and on their honeymoon. "Dawling," said she, "next time we will come here to this sweet little town, won't we?" and she wonders yet why he burst out laughing.

Looking to a New Season.

With the change of season there's always the change of styles, and these days a gentleman's wardrobe needs the revolutionizing almost akin to her ladyship's to be correct. Styles of goods, change in the weaves, the colors, the combinations and effects; and then the plates, while not so pronounced, there is always variety enough to make difference enough to preclude the possibility of sameness in garments from one season to the next. There's no such thing as absolute perpetuation of styles in any kind of dress, and man shares in the changes too. Henry A. Taylor, the Draper, the Rossin Block, makes a careful study of style-changes, and, perhaps, little improvement in the cut and finish which, to the eye of the tailor who is not an artist too, might be missed. He is quick to note and introduce these into the garments he designs. Combine with this the exclusive lines of fine wools imported by Mr. T. and you get as near perfection in artistic tailoring as is possible. Just now there's the interest of the new season and its styles, and it will be a pleasure to have you discuss them with so high an authority on high-class clothing to order as he is.

The Bain Bock and Stationery Company, Society Stationers, 90 Yonge street, Toronto, five to-out-of-town readers of SATURDAY NIGHT to write them for their hand-book of prices for engraving Wedding Invitations, Visiting Cards, At Home Invitations, etc. Samples will be cheerfully enclosed upon application.

Bill—Did you read about that fellow writing a poem on a fifty-dollar bill? "Jul—No; the editor kept it, of course? "No; he returned it." "What? An editor returned a fifty-dollar bill?" "Yes; he didn't know what it was."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Sweet—Isn't it strange that Harry will never permit Edith to open his watch? Mr. Sweet—Humph! There must be another girl in the case.—Jewellers' Weekly.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

Births.

HALL—At Hahnemann Villa, on Aug. 17, the wife of Cleveland V. Hall—a son.
PETERSON—Aug. 13, Mrs. A. E. W. Peterson—a son.
BENEDICT—Columbus, O., Aug. 12, Mrs. F. N. Benedict—a son.
MOORE—August 12, Mrs. Fletcher Moore—a daughter.
FOY—Aug. 16, Mrs. John Foy—a daughter.
BOYLE—Aug. 12, Mrs. R. W. Boyle—a daughter.
O'REILLY—Niagara Falls, Aug. 10, Mrs. H. H. O'Reilly—a daughter.
DAVIDSON—Aug. 10, Mrs. M. Ferrar Davidson—a daughter.
VOKES—July 18, Mrs. J. L. Vokes—a son.
BALL—Aug. 12, Mrs. P. R. Ball—a son.

Marriages.

VERNER—RAY—At Perryman, Mr. Thomas Hamilton Verner to Anna Bell Ray.
MACKINTOSH—BARCLAY—Whiteby, Aug. 13, Frederick P. Mackintosh to Helena Josephine Barclay.
LOU—HOOD—MURRAY—Aug. 11, Frederick William Louhood to Annie Irving Murray.
KID—BENTLEY—Aug. 2, Francis H. Kidd to M. B. Bentley.
SOANES—HEAKES—Aug. 15, P. P. Soanes to Jeanette Heakes.
TARRANT—ROY—Aug. Stanley Mortimer Tarrant to Edith Carley Roy.
HALLET—BRIDGEMAN—Aug. Benjamin Hallett to Florence May Bridgeman.
HAMILTON—ROSS—Kilmartine, Aug. 10, Chas. Frederick Hamilton to Charles Alexander Ross.
WEBB—MACDONALD—Aug. 11, Albert Edward Webb to Jean A. L. Macdonald.

Deaths.

HERON—OLAWA, Aug. 13, Emily Mackenzie Heron aged 43.
VAN NORTWY—Aug. —, Cornelius Dayton Croise Van Norman, aged 78.
FAIR—Aug. —, Mary Fair.
MITCHELL—Aug. 9, James Mitchell, aged 81.
MCKILLEN—Aug. 15, David McKillen, aged 55.
TAYLOR—Aug. —, Hannah Taylor, aged 73.
THARLE—Aug. 14, Margaret Tharle, aged 136.
HUGHES—Aug. —, Charles T. Higgins, aged 73.
HAMMAY—Moore, Aug. 16, Annie Smith Hammay, aged 72.
ABRAHAM—Aug. 17, James Abraham, aged 67.
ALLEN—Galt, Aug. 17, Thomas Blain Allen, aged 63.

GALE—Aug. 17, Matilda Sophia Gale, aged 57.
CASSIDY—Aug. 12, Margaret Foley Cassidy, aged 78.
GRAVELEY—Aug. 11, Mary Jane Angell Graveley Phillips, Cobourg, Aug. 10, Edward Phillips, aged 76.
RUTMAN—Napanee, Aug. 12, Allan Rutman, M.D., aged 73.
YORK—Gravenhurst, Aug. —, T. J. York, M.D., aged 72.

J. YOUNG
(ALEX. MILLARD)
The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers
359 Yonge St. TELEPHONE 10

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Seasonable Suggestions
With Special Inducements Are Offered:

TORONTO TO
Sault, Ste. Marie and return - \$14.50
Pt. Arthur or Ft. William and return 26.50
Duluth and return - - - 29.50

The route is via Canadian Pacific Railway to Owen Sound, thence one of the Palace Steamships, "Albion," "Athabasca," or "Manitoba" of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Line.
Tickets to other points are on sale at corresponding reduction.
For full particulars and tickets call upon any Canadian Pacific Agent, or
C. E. McPHERSON,
Assistant General Passenger Agent,
1 King Street East, Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Harvest... Excursions

All Stations in Ontario and Quebec, via Chicago and St. Paul, to
WINNIPEG, PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, BRANDON and other MANITOBA POINTS and MINNESOTA and NORTH DAKOTA.
Round Trip Fare Only **\$28**
Going August 30th, returning until October 30th, '98. Going Sept. 13th, returning until Nov. 15th, '98.
Full particulars on application to Grand Trunk Ticket Agents.